

# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.

# ILLUSTRATED.

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COMTESSE DE MAUNY TALVANDE.

21, Harrington Road.



THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VII. of COUNTRY LIFE is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.

## GENTLEMEN v . . . PLAYERS.

THIS match, as played at Lord's, is to true followers of cricket essentially the match of the year. They go to see a contest between two elevens, representative of the two classes, picked with the utmost care and deliberation by the best judges of the game, the men who are "certainties" being also consulted as to who their colleagues shall be. To the professionals a special fee is given, and it would be no bad thing if a special cup were awarded

to the amateurs. There is no pot-hunting possible in cricket, and it is the last thing one would recommend; but a cup for this and for International matches would be highly valued, not as a furbelow to flaunt in minor cricket, but as a trophy to be hung up in the smoking-room. With the teams as selected last week no real fault could be found. Every man had a good claim to a place, even though some critics might hold that others had a better claim; but no comment is necessary on this in face of the vicissitudes of the game. One need only quote a solitary instance. Many good judges held that Hirst should have had the place of his fellow-countyman, Brown. Brown vindicated his selection by making 163 runs in one innings, and a couple of excellent catches in the country. Hirst would hardly have improved on this.

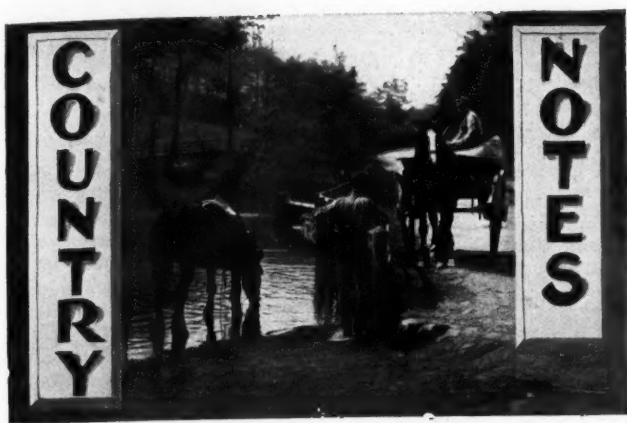
There is a nest of Little Englanders who delight to depreciate modern cricket. The batting, say they, is no better than it was, the bowling is worse, and the fielding is hopelessly retrograde. If any of these croakers were at Lord's last week, it was quite possible, though hardly probable, that they altered their views. Finer fielding has seldom been seen. Foster made three beautiful catches, worthy of Lohmann at his best; the catching of the professionals in the deep field when the amateurs were forcing the pace was of the very best; Jessop and Quaife did two brilliant things in dismissing Carpenter and Townsend; the wicket-keeping was sure, but, the bowling being comparatively strange, not up to the form of Blackham or Pilling; the general form and style of the ground fielding was so good as to elicit frequent applause and a general opinion that it was up to the highest traditions of English cricket, and that, too, in weather of an absolutely tropical nature. The sun was roasting, shade there was none, and the few breezes that blew were not gentle zephyrs, but dust-laden gusts that recalled the "brick-felders" of Sydney.

The bowling was curiously divided, the professionals, by a strange anomaly, relying on bowlers of the medium type, while those of the amateurs were either fast or very fast. Slow bowling proper, if we except Jephson's lobs, was absolutely absent. The Players undoubtedly felt the loss of a fast trundler, but Mold, Wass, Woodcock, and Lockwood were on the injured list, Bland was playing for Sussex, and the Worcestershire bowlers were engaged for their county. The others who were available were hardly of the best class; and it may here be remarked that there is a considerable dearth of bowlers who are not only fast but good; it is the era of "mixing" bowlers. The bowling, however, was capital of its kind, the science of attack and defence being exceedingly well illustrated; indeed, nothing says more for the quality of the attack than the fact that in a match where run-getting loomed large only five men made big scores. It would seem that the bowling required to be thoroughly mastered before anything could be done with it, but that when that consummation was attained the possibilities of the batsmen were infinite.

The batting, taken as a whole, was of a fine and varied class. All batsmen can cut, off-drive square, and play to leg nowadays; unfortunately a large number of men consider their armoury full when they have acquired these strokes. The best of all is left, however—the forward drive; and that the art of forward hitting is not quite lost was clearly shown on the second afternoon, when the amateurs laid themselves down to the stroke. Passing to individuals, we note that R. E. Foster, by scoring 102 not out, and 136, created a record for the match; further, his play was of the most beautiful kind, no stroke coming amiss to him, and his defence being as sound and graceful as his offence was vigorous. Fry had 68 and 72; he was not at his very best, but had Foster been away, much good ink would have been shed, deservedly shed, over a very meritorious performance. Abel scored 30 and 98, and played as timidly to the fast bowlers in the first innings as he played them vigorously in the second. Hayward, who made 8 and 111, played admirable cricket, his hitting and defence being of the best, yet he seemed a trifle jaded at the very outset, and was also affected by the heat; hence his performance was the more creditable. In connection with Brown, who made 18 and 163, it appeared to us that well as he played he had lost some of his dash, but for all that his batting was in every way commendable.

A parting word on the remark of a contemporary to the effect that Woods, the captain of the amateurs, "was taught a lesson in captaincy." With a tremendous lead in hand, Woods ordered his men to hit out so, that that lead might be rapidly increased and he might be able to send in the enemy to bat for an hour after a day of hard fielding. In the end he set the professionals to get 500 runs, and they had their *mauvaise heure* on Tuesday evening. It was consummate judgment, for not once in a thousand times could the professionals have pulled off the match. They did do so, and the highest credit is due to them in consequence; but to blame Woods because the professionals created a record savours of impertinence as well as ignorance. There is no captain in the world who would jump at the chance as heaven-given of heading his opponents by 500 runs and making them bat for an hour after the best part of a day's fielding in a tropical temperature. However, such is criticism.





**T**UESDAY morning's news from credible sources in China was, as news has been for many days, practically non-existent. On the other hand, there was a startling telegram from Sir Halliday Macartney, the adviser of the Chinese Embassy in London, which was one of the best pieces of news heard for many a long day, or a positive outrage. For Sir Halliday said plainly: "The Peking Legations are safe, and about to proceed to Tientsin." We positively refuse to believe that a man of British birth, no matter how long he has been associated with the people who are the most renowned on earth for shameless duplicity, would give out such a statement deliberately and knowing it to be false. On the other hand, the only sources of information which Sir Halliday has are Chinese, and the Chinese might be quite capable of deceiving him. Moreover, as may be remembered, when there was a little trouble about a Chinaman in London who was kidnapped and imprisoned at the Chinese Embassy, Sir Halliday Macartney did use some very strange arguments, which led men to say that the influence by long association with the greatest liars on earth upon his mind had not been entirely wholesome.

Some of the papers have been analysing the triumphs of General De Wet, nearly all of which have occurred in the neighbourhood of Honingspruit; and no doubt they are substantial triumphs, and they reflect the greatest possible credit upon that active and wily commander. His bag, so to speak, is a very large one. It runs somewhat thus, in captures only, let alone communications cut: May 31st, 400 Yeomanry, 26 waggons; June 4th, 160 Highlanders, 50 waggons; June 7th, a battalion of the Derbyshire Regiment, 160 Railway Pioneers; July 21st, a supply train, 100 Highlanders. But we are disposed to think that the arm-chair critics are inclined to be a little too hard upon the various officers whom De Wet has eluded and entrapped. The district in which he is operating is his own home, his native fastnesses, so to speak. He knows every contour of it, and he is operating against men who through no fault of their own are not supplied with complete maps. If similar operations were attempted by an equally ignorant enemy in almost any part of England or Scotland, we fancy that the results would be at least as many failures on the part of the enemy, and we confess for our part that we think it extremely probable that the guerilla warfare will go on for a very long time. It is unreasonable to forget that the Boers are farmers and hunters operating in a country of which they know every inch, much as the gamekeeper knows the runs and the meuses on the side of a covert; and there really is some substance in Mr. Winston Churchill's remark, that the fight is for the most part between a wild cat in the wood and a tame cat. It is a serious misfortune that so large a proportion of our army consists of men recruited from the streets, which are the worst possible training for open country, and the depopulation of our rural districts, which is the main cause of this fact, appears to be more calamitous from this point of view.

The Chinese tragedy is so terrible that one scarcely brings oneself to name it, but there is no question that politically and materially Russia is the country that has lost most heavily by the unexpected suddenness of the Chinese aggression. While all civilised nations are in mourning, it is she who has suffered most grievous disappointment of her aim to consolidate her approaches and prepare her land transport until they should give her preponderant power. The action of China, terrible and barbaric in its manifestation, really seems as if it had been dictated by prudent diplomatic counsels, seeing that the forces of civilisation were constantly strengthening themselves round about her, and that each moment of delay made her case more hopeless. That it is even now hopeless we have every reasonable ground to believe, but by throwing herself as she has done upon her fate she has without doubt increased the difficulty of the task before those who must be the instruments for working out her destiny.

There is no doubt that had we a pigeon post in isolated places of our Empire we should be very unlikely to have a recurrence of the lack of news from Peking, Kumassi, Mafeking, and so on, that has made so many hearts at home sick to death with anxiety. Again, it is certain that had we a few good watchdogs attached to our regiments we should not have a recurrence of the "regrettable incidents" that have marked our operations in the Transvaal. Our officers on detachment, holding the lines of communication, and occasionally varying the monotony of their defence by a raid on rebel farmers in their neighbourhood, know that the first scouts to give notice of their coming are always the dogs of the farm. The fact that a dog is a good guard is no very new discovery; but it is a fact that only appears to be neglected in war—that is to say, when it is above all other times important that it should be remembered and acted on. Geese, according to legend, saved the Capitol. In fact, there is perhaps no animal that is not naturally a better scout than man. We would suggest that the collie, by his keen intelligence and senses, is as well fitted to be the soldier's friend as any kind of dog; and he is of size sufficient to carry a fair load of water or ammunition, of untiring energy, and of a hardy breed that can work contentedly on scanty fare.

Lord Roberts, at the moment of writing, is once again on the move, and the country has learnt what great things his long deliberated but swiftly executed movements portend. In spite of "regrettable incidents" more than enough, the inevitable end is being approached, and the notorious "slimness" of the Boer is at length beginning to exercise itself in the direction of falling in with a condition of affairs that even all the wiles of the oligarchy that has misgoverned and misled him can no longer hide from him. He is a person capable of persuasion by the logic of facts better than by any other means, and there is every hope that in a few years he will cease to regret that so-called freedom which he did not enjoy under rulers of his own race.

In the stress of tremendous happenings elsewhere some very important feats have been accomplished with little notice by the nation. There is the heroic defence of Kumassi by its two European officers with a handful of staunch native troops, and its scarcely less heroic relief; and also in Africa another event, perhaps scarcely on the same heroic scale, but a work of notable achievement none the less—the opening to navigation of the country of the great lakes. The "sudd," that we have so often heard called impassable, has been cut and dredged, and the rapids have been manipulated, until the Nile is clear for the passage of steamboats all the way from Khartoum to its sources. One effect of this will be that in a short time there will be a postal service to Uganda and its neighbourhood by way of the Nile direct, instead of by the circuitous route of the East Coast that is now used.

The Lord Chief Justice has an amiable way of making things warm all round, but we suspect that he will have the sympathy of the police authorities of many English counties in relation to the unkind things which he has been saying in North Wales, for the perpetually recurrent "white gloves" of Welsh Assizes, and the pretty things said about them, are naturally irritating to Englishmen. Here is what Lord Russell of Killowen said in the quaint Court House of Beaumaris: "On reading the returns he had been struck by two facts. The first was a very marked disproportion between the number of offences against the law reported to the police, and the number of cases in which proceedings had been taken to vindicate the law. Now, that was not a good sign, because it meant that in a very considerable number of cases evidence had not been forthcoming, and people had not been willing to come forward to vindicate the law. He desired to observe that that was one of the primary and most important duties that every citizen owed in every civilised community. He had been especially struck with this disproportion in one class of cases—the crime of arson. He did not at all wish to indicate that he regarded this as a crime of abnormal proportions in this county, but he found that taking the period between 1895 and the present time there had been as many as seventeen cases of arson reported to the police, and out of that unusual number only two cases had been brought to trial. He wished to impress upon the people of the community that it was the obvious duty which they owed to the community in which they lived, and to the laws which were intended for their protection, to assist those who were charged with the vindication of the law, and to bring evidence in this and other classes of cases."

It will hardly be believed that, after saying this, and after remarks of the same kind made at Carnarvon, and with the intention of being equally severe at Ruthin, Lord Russell actually received the white gloves which the High Sheriff offered, and really one begins to fear that if this sort of thing goes on the judges going the Welsh Circuit will have to stipulate with the High Sheriffs, as country doctors used to arrange with undertakers in old days, for the substitution later of gloves of a more

work-a-day shade. But the loveliest thing of all was the debate of the Carnarvonshire Joint Police Committee on the words of the blunt Chief Justice, which, in the case of Carnarvonshire, referred to a worse class of offence. It was the chairman who drew attention to them, and we curtail the subsequent dialogue thus: "Mr. Menzies: 'I suppose they were well founded?' The Chief Constable: 'He had the figures before him.' The Chairman: 'He thought that Denbighshire was worse than here. *I do not think it was desirable to make such remarks. That's how I look at it.*'" The rare dignity of italics is surely well-earned by this truly delicious and very Celtic observation.

Things look bad for the Great Eastern Railway Company and for the travelling public in connection with the threatened railway strike, and, if it once begins, it will be a great affair, for the governing bodies of the railway companies are united in their determination to have nothing to do with the Amalgamated Society, and they will certainly fight for their view of what they consider to be conducive to the interests of the shareholders. Nor is the time for striking well chosen from the point of view of the men, if they desire to attract public sympathy. It is notorious that, owing to the vast increase in the price of coal, and still more in the price of labour, the companies find it hard to pay their way, and have been compelled to take the very unpopular step of raising their rates. Also the time chosen is remarkably inconvenient to the public, and public sympathy does not exactly flow out to those who cause inconvenience. But, even now, it would not be surprising if the strike does not come off, for if there is one art which the A.S.R.S. understand better than any other it is that of "bluffing." They have very few adherents among the upper grades of servants, and last time they threatened a strike and succeeded in frightening some of the managers into quite a false position, those who were behind the scenes knew very well that the number of important notices, as distinguished from those of yardmen and the like, which they had ready to hand in was very small.

A correspondent, recently at Bisley, writes: "Oddly enough Mr. Sowerby Wallis's letter in the *Times* of Tuesday, showing that the temperature on Sunday night had been a record for July during the last forty-three years—which are all the years about which we really know—was a distinct consolation to me. I had tossed all night, with occasional dozes. Shortly after daybreak, the volleys of the Guards and the bugle-calls from the great Militia camp at Cowshot banished all thought of sleep. So I rose and tubbed and dressed and sat motionless, but actually dripping, under the stoep of the pavilion of the Victorias and St. George's Rifles. It is really a comfort to find, now that the suffering has been endured, that there was real cause for it, and that the heat was in the nature of an extraordinary phenomenon. In the same way, when there is a storm one likes it to be something worth talking about, and if there have to be fogs in November at all, one likes the east wind and the frost and the exhalations from the Essex Marshes to do their work thoroughly. There is some humour in the genuine 'London Peculiar' when you can barely see your hand in front of your face, but there is none, but merely choking discomfort, when King Fog tries half-measures."

Our correspondent's view is natural enough: we have encountered it in many places; but he will not be a wise man if he goes to Paris with the object of living up to his theory; for there not only is the heat a thing horrible, but also the water has run short, and it is even stated that human beings have taken in despair to drinking the water of the Seine. That water looks, perhaps, a trifle cleaner than that of the tidal Thames, but we suspect that it is really more germ-laden, for, *inter alia*, the Seine is used for laundry purposes as it flows; and, when you come to think of it, there could be no more certain way of impregnating water with many kinds of disease. In fact, if Paris does not become as unhealthy as Bloemfontein itself, it will be little short of a marvel.

Another correspondent, having had his attention drawn to the question of boots for the Army by the complaints of Lord Deerhurst and others concerning fraudulent contractors, and being well aware that, even where there has been no fraud, the expensive boots of the officers last infinitely better than the cheap boots of the men, writes thus: "These cheap boots, even when they are as good as can honestly be given for the money, are the worst economy. An officer's boots at three guineas—a price a trifle higher than it is necessary to pay to get the very best—will outlast the number of men's boots which could be bought for the same money." Our correspondent is right. It would pay well, in the long run, to give really first-rate boots, made to fit, to our men all round, and the present commentator ventures to quote his own experience on this point. In his youth he possessed that priceless treasure, a perfect bootmaker—who died. Then, for a few years, he wore "reach-me-down" boots, buying them ready made and for ready money. Then he found a first-rate London

bootmaker. On one year's expenditure there was a loss in money, a gain in comfort; on two years' the money was about even; on three years' there was a gain both ways. Nobody knows how long a good boot will last, and we lately came across a pair of butcher boots, still in occasional use and quite sound, which were built for the father of their present owner in 1846!

London teems just now with Americans, more or less closely connected with the Christian Endeavour Convention. You may see them and hear them everywhere; and Pauline Emerson Keyes is a young woman from the United States who was sharp enough to see her chance in the movement. She went to stay at the Cecil, and when she departed a China plate and a liqueur decanter departed also. She migrated to the Norfolk Mansions Hotel, and watches and bracelets and hair brushes took to walking upstairs and entering her trunk. But her defence was not equal in point of smartness to her original design. She had, she said, bought the plate from a waiter, and the liqueur decanter must have been packed up by mistake; and these were silly things to say. Even the fine old crusted defence of kleptomania would have been better, for it might have prevented brusque Mr. Plowden from calling her a low, vulgar thief. On the other hand he might have said, as a magistrate once did say, that there is no cure for kleptomania to touch imprisonment.

The police reports of Tuesday morning were really very entertaining. Colonel le Mesurier, of Neville Terrace, Kensington, does not allow followers, but when he came home on Sunday he heard a male voice in the area. It was the voice of the young man attached to the parlour-maid, and when the Colonel went below to investigate he found that Juliet, in her terror, had locked Romeo into the coal-cellar. But the Colonel had lost some jewellery during an absence in March, and he was not going to be put off in this way. Romeo, who was really "a party by the name of Johnson," appeared at Westminster next morning as "a suspected person," and, although he said that he was a respectable man and the detective could find none of the stolen property at his lodgings, he was remanded on bail for a week. It is a severe lesson for Romeo, and Juliet, we suspect, is in search of a situation.

At a recent meeting of the North Tipperary and King's County Farming Society, held in Nenagh, Mr. W. T. Trench, a gentleman who has done much for Irish horse-breeding, brought up the unique (in this country) question, "Should we sell horses by weight?" His suggestion was that four year olds, those intended for remount purposes especially, should be sold according to weight. The custom, Mr. Trench said, was becoming prevalent of buying army mules and horses by weight, the other essentials, as to age, etc., being satisfactory. We do not want horses running up in inches; breadth and strength are more valuable qualities. The prescribed height of 15h. 2in. or 15h. 3in. for army remounts was excessive, and 15h. 14in. was amply sufficient, and a four year old of that height should weigh about 8cwt. Though purchasing according to weight may seem an innovation in this country, it is the almost universal principle on which American and Canadian horses are valued. You do not hear a man across the Atlantic asking for a 15h. or 16h. horse, but for a "driver," or whatever description of animal he requires, 800, 900, or 1,000lb. Wonderfully accurate, too, are the Yankees and Canadians in judging a horse's weight, an experienced man often giving within a very few pounds of it. The day may come, too, when over on this side we may see advertisements such as: "For sale, the well-known polo pony, Boxer, price 30s. per lb."

A trip through the Irish Midlands last week gave ample proof that with anything like favourable weather for the next few weeks the coming harvest ought to be a record one. Crops of all sorts are most luxurious, but the fear is that the cereals will be "lodged" by the heavy rains which have prevailed, and that the close, moist weather will bring about that much-dreaded evil—the potato blight. People are already getting anxious, and in some churches prayers for fine weather are being offered.

Without the least disrespect, these prayers for fine weather or rain always seem to be looked on as a huge joke by most people, and even in canny Scotland "the meenister" had doubts of their efficacy, if we can judge by the story told of an old parson who was asked to pray for rain, when his answer was—"Weel, I wull, ta please ye, but the deil a drap ye'll get till there's a change o' the moon."

With reference to the article on "Recreation for the People," published in last week's COUNTRY LIFE, Mr. Pitt-Rivers desires it to be known that the institutions founded by the late General Pitt-Rivers on the borders of Wilts and Dorset have not been endowed. The statement of our correspondent was, however, made in good faith when he wrote the article, which was some time ago, and he had grounds for believing it to be true.



Great indeed are the uses of advertisement. Formerly individuals or trading corporations had the game all to themselves. Now enterprising municipal corporations recognise the benefit of advertisement to the community of whose interests they are in charge, and sometimes their advertisements are in the best of taste. The best example we have seen is that of the Corporation of Bath, who, having been permitted to fit and furnish for the use of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales the library in the British Pavilion in the Paris Exhibition, have done so in such a manner as to illustrate the historical interest of their ancient city as well as the medicinal character of the waters which have been celebrated since Roman times. To each visitor, as a souvenir, they present a prettily bound booklet with excellent illustrations.

It is not easy to conceive a document much more hopeless than is the report of the Royal Commission on the Sea Fisheries. The report states what is news to no one, that the condition of the sea fisheries is parlous, that they are going from bad to worse, and that immediate remedial measures ought to be taken. But when we look to the report to tell us what those measures ought to be, we find that it confesses itself at a loss. Prohibition of the sale of immature fish it believes would be very inadequate. It is the destruction of immature fish that appears to be the cause of the very serious decrease, but this destruction is principally done by the trawl, and the Commission seems to see no remedy short of forbidding trawling altogether, except in joint action by all the Powers interested in the North Sea fishing, action that would take the form of delimiting certain close areas where the young fish congregate, and forbidding the use of the trawl in that area, with a joint system of marine police to compel respect to these regulations. Meanwhile, such harmonious action of different nations must take a long while to create, and in the meantime we go "from bad to worse." The case of the sea fisheries looks very desperate.

## Two Great Shows.

THE annual meeting of the Highland Agricultural Society held this year at Stirling was the means of attracting huge crowds of spectators to the picturesque old town, and although not so well supported by exhibitors as was last year's record gathering at Edinburgh, the show may be regarded as a pronounced success. It may be suggested, however, that it is a pity the council of the Highland Society, which is one of the wealthiest associations of its kind, does not pay more attention to the arrangement of the judging rings, as that allotted to the ponies is invariably far too small—this year it was as narrow as a London street—whilst that used for the

driving competitions was so uneven that several of the best horses were completely upset and failed entirely to do justice to their action. With this important exception, which a little consideration for exhibitors might easily have obviated, it was a great show, the turn-out of Aberdeen-Angus cattle, in which Her Majesty won a first prize with her shapely cow, Princess Irene VI., and commendations with Gem of Abergeldie and Juryman of Whitehorns, being conspicuously good. The Queen was also a very



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SOUTHDOWN RAM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

successful exhibitor of shorthorns, as with three animals she secured three first prizes, the championship in addition falling to her share by the help of the now famous Royal Duke, which has been doing so much winning of late. The Earl of Rosebery also took a first prize in shorthorns, whilst the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour scored heavily in Oxford Down sheep.

The horse section of the Highland Show was not to be compared with that of last year, but thanks to the fact that the last-named exhibition was held under the presidency of the Prince of Wales, it was altogether a record gathering. Still, with the exception of the Clydesdales and Shetland ponies, the horse departments at Stirling were not worthy of the show, and it is to be trusted that they will be better another year; but unless some guarantee is given that the driving ring will provide smooth enough going to enable the horses to show themselves off properly, the harness classes are not likely to be good. The Shetland ponies were one of the best collections ever brought together, and here the principal honours fell to Mrs. Wentworth Hope Johnstone, who won two firsts with the typical little Emerald, the Ladies Hope securing only a third prize with their well-known Vementry, so the strength of the class will be at once understood.

Tunbridge Wells Show on Thursday and Friday was perhaps not quite so much of a society function as usual, for in the first place the war has most seriously affected all such gatherings, whilst, secondly, the heat was simply tropical and deterred many would-be visitors from putting in an appearance. As regards the merits of the horses competing there can be no doubt but that the Clydesdales—amongst which Lords A. and L. Cecil were more than usually successful, winning almost all the first and second prizes for which they competed—were an unusually good collection for a South Country show. Shires, too, were excellent, as they always are, Lord Hothfield, Mr. R. W. Hudson, and other well-known breeders, being strongly represented. The Hackney classes are seldom very strong numerically speaking at Tunbridge Wells, but there are generally some nice horses to be seen, and this year proved no exception to the rule, as



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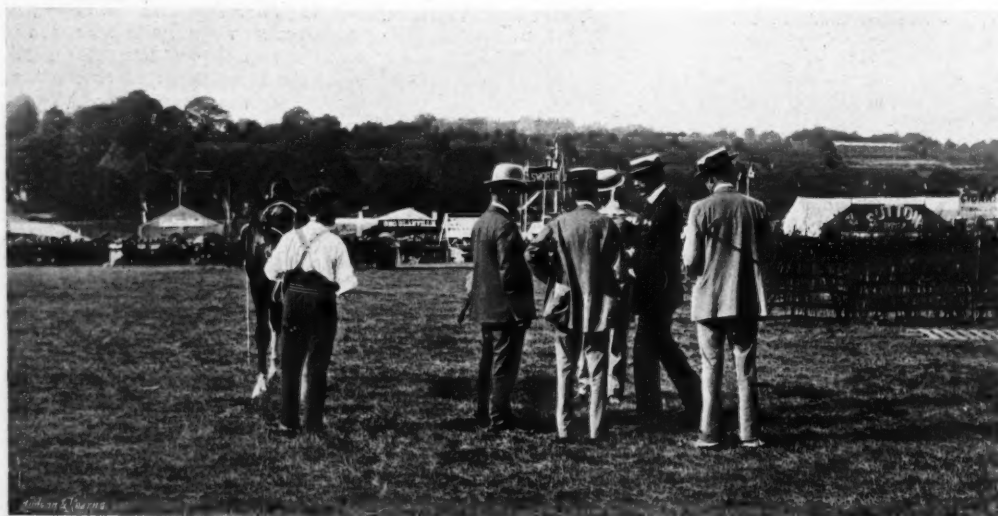
MR. P. F. R. SAILLARD'S ALFRED.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Mr. Livesey had sent up his Agricultural Hall champion, McKinley, for competition. Of course the big horse won; but Sir Walter Gilbey's little chestnut, Gay Connaught, made a still finer show, and some people thought he might have won. Hunters upon the whole were scarcely up to the average; but there can be no two opinions respecting the merits of Mr. W. Wilson's superb thorough-bred stallion Chiliabos, by Chittabob, which is the *beau ideal* of a hunter sire. The first position in hunter brood mares was awarded to Mr. C. K. Bamber's well-known Sweetheart, a really nice sort, whose big, fine daughter, Homely Lass, by Homely, was to the fore in the two year olds. Hunters in saddle were not a particularly brilliant collection, and as the owner of the winners apparently did not consider the animals worthy of being named, there is no necessity for referring to them. Polo ponies were a very good lot, Sir Walter Gilbey winning in stallions with the charming Rosewater, by Rosicrucian, the second place being filled, and very properly so, by the Rev. F. B. Montefiore's Arab Moot-brub, a beautiful little horse which should be most valuable as a polo pony sire. In the mares the judges got very far away from the best when they selected mares of the harness type for the first and second prizes, and placed Mr. J. Barker's typical chestnut Lightning, the champion at the great Islington Show, in the reserved position. The cattle classes here were fairly good, the collection of Sussex bulls and cows, in which the Earl of Derby and Mr. P. F. R. Saillard were the most successful exhibitors, being by far the strongest feature of this department of the show.

### Shooting: Old Methods . . . and New.—IV.

IN the shooting volumes of the Badminton Library ("Field and Covert") that good sportsman, Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey, starts out by attacking "Stonehenge's" remarks on pheasant shooting in the 1886 edition of "British Rural Sports." The passage particularly selected for comment is as follows: "It is for the purpose of the 'battue' that pheasants are now reserved and preserved with all the formidable retinue of head-keepers. . . . No one can deny the fitness of the pheasant for affording gratification to the good sportsman, if the bird is fairly found, put up, and shot; but as well might mobbing a fox be called fox-hunting as a 'battue' be considered genuine pheasant shooting. In the 'battue' nothing short of



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hundreds, or, if possible, thousands of killed, to say nothing of wounded, will constitute a successful day. The pseudo-sportsman who should be tempted from his *Times* and his fireside for anything under five brace an hour, would be inclined to complain, and would think, if he did not say, that his presence had been obtained under false pretences. The mode usually adopted is as follows: First get eight or ten crack shots, who may, many of them, be in wheeled chairs or on shooting ponies. . . . Domestic poultry must be reared and killed,



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"COUNTRY LIFE."

but who would admit the pleasure of wringing their necks or cutting their throats? Yet, where lies the difference? The pheasant is not even a difficult shot."

Curiously enough, this criticism was written by the late Mr. Walsh at the time he was editor of the *Field*. Sir Ralph Gallwey, after the former's death, contributed a series of "Letters to Young Shooters" to that paper, in which he went to the other extreme, and ridiculed the kind of sport Mr. Walsh probably had in his eye when he wrote the above. Mr. Walsh professed a fondness for shooting over dogs, and in the above he attempted to caricature the kind of sport covert shooting was growing into. I do not think that the writer actually believed that covert shooting was usually called the "battue," but whether he did or did not does not in the least matter. His remarks were probably intended to check the tendency of covert shooting to imitate the continental *battue* of the eighteenth century. That is how I read the remarks now, although I was as much amazed at them when they were written as Sir Ralph Gallwey could have been. They had no effect whatever in altering the style of shooting practised, whereas a temperate article bringing out the weak points of the sport as practised in some places might have served the purpose.

As a matter of fact, covert shooting was, and is, very variously conducted. Possibly Mr. Walsh had never seen it properly done, and in some places it certainly did degenerate into mobbing the birds—that is to say, the pheasants were driven into some thick undergrowth, round which the guns collected as near as possible to the birds. Then when the birds were flushed they were often shot on the rise, and afforded the tamest possible shots, compared with which a pheasant found in a wild country by spaniel or setter gave a much more exciting hunt and a vastly more difficult shot. Of course the most experienced sportsmen did not make the mistake of spending a guinea in the rearing of their pheasant on purpose to blow him to bits as he rose from a gorse patch surrounded by guns, all, perhaps, within reach of him; but that is not saying that this method was not adopted in many places, and it is quite possible that it is even yet adopted in some.

The vigour with which Sir Ralph Gallwey attacked the dog men in the very paper which had thus attacked the drivers of game was, I think, equally misdirected. The fact is that ridicule only offends those it is not intended to hit, because they think it is, and never amends the ways of those derided by it, because they are sure to be too stupid to see what is meant.

It is doubtful whether Mr. Walsh meant that all shooters who drive their pheasants were only comparable to poultry butchers, but no doubt the majority thought he aimed at the sport as a whole, and popular writers, like "Ouida," have taken their text from his words; they could not be supposed to know what reservations he meant to imply; and they have therefore carried on the war against the *battue* and all who shoot pheasants, without even attempting to dis-

criminate between those who try to make their birds fly their best down wind and high, and those who butcher them, for choice, at the easiest rises. But it is very difficult indeed to write satirically and to caricature a thing without being misunderstood by the very persons it is intended to teach. That the sporting writer on the dailies has amended his ways according to Sir Ralph's teaching is very certain; perhaps he has been done to death, and another race has arisen who go to the other extreme. But, however that may



be, Sir Ralph's satire has escaped the attention of the novelist, who, for sporting inspiration, still goes to "British Rural Sports," and preaches sermons by the yard on the text laid down by the late Mr. Walsh. But if the sporting journalist on the great dailies has ceased to prefer the pointer to the gun, and has even come to think the dog a positive hindrance to his imaginary sport, a class of writers have taken the places of the old ones who seem to think that an ounce of fact and a ton of Sir Ralph Gallwey's preferences will always show their superior knowledge, please editors, and interest their public. With them now the pheasant is always a sixty miles an hour bird, which comes with a curl in the air, and he is always hit in the head and neck and is never touched in the body. This latter has become an article of faith, which shows the scribes never eat the pheasants they kill so deftly, or else they would find some shot in their bodies surely. No doubt it is easy enough to kill a pheasant at a few yards off by hitting him only in the head or neck; but the scribes' pheasants are certain to be at least 30 yds. in the air, and that is where the contradiction comes in.

To one who has really followed sport and all that has been written about it, the tracing of fallacies to their fountain-head of facts is very entertaining indeed. I wonder, for instance, how many times I have seen it stated in the great daily and evening papers that grouse cost a guinea a brace in Scotland, and somewhat more in England; that shooting is more expensive in England than in Scotland. Hundreds of times at least; whereas the very contrary is the case, and, bird for bird, the rents in England are only about half those of Scotland. In this case the fountain-head is the following sentence, which is not literally wrong, but has mis-educated the journalists who have made their editors believe them sportsmen. Sir Ralph says: "As a moor on which pointers and setters can be worked is easier to obtain, and can be hired at a far less figure than a driving moor." I suppose the author meant acre for acre, which is quite correct; but the journalists, have taken it to mean bird for bird, which is entirely wrong, as stated above.

But to return to the pheasants. Sir Ralph Gallwey must have been a very lucky sportsman indeed if he has not seen hundreds of pheasants killed which, although supposed to be driven over the guns, in reality got up near enough to be blown to rags before they had risen. Did he never hear the woods resound to the tune of "let 'em rise"? Is it so certain that the commoner walking with the beaters, and cautioned against shooting the low forward flying pheasants, is never surprised to see the great person at the end of the covert taking them as close to their rise and as near to his gun as he can get them? All these cases, I confess, although it may argue bad company, have come to my notice; and then I have occasionally thought of the words already quoted, "the pheasant is not even a difficult shot."

But, even where things are done as well as is usual, I wonder what proportion of birds killed are really difficult. How often it happens that one remembers a few shots only in the day with the utmost satisfaction; and how frequently it is borne to one's mind that, after all, the pheasant is not half as good a bird to kill as he ought to be, considering his great powers of flight when he has once got fairly launched in a good wind. Grouse are so different; their paces vary so much, and it is so hard to judge their velocity until it is too late. But the ordinary pheasant, in flat ground, on a still day, wants a great lot of coaxing before he can be converted from slow goods into an express.

A silent protest for quality instead of quantity must have been often felt by really good sportsmen for many years past, and now that Lord Granby has given voice to the feeling it is possible that there will be an improvement. But all the same, the majority of pheasant coverts belong to people who confine their reading mostly to their morning paper and leave the sporting papers for the juniors. The latter, as they love the gun and would sooner shoot bad birds than none, are too wise to attempt to teach an older generation, and so it happens that pheasants are not always quite the grand sport they might be.

But if Mr. Walsh went too far in his criticism of pheasant shooting, what shall be said about Sir Ralph's views of shooting over dogs? Expressed pictorially, he gives us a dandy shooter lugging his gun along by the muzzle, who tells the keeper to catch the cheeper over which the dog points and the man holds his hat, because "then I shall have killed fifty brace." But allowing the very unlikely possibility of the figure depicted being able to walk long enough to kill fifty brace, or the ill-drawn dog to find as many, and allowing the possibility of catching a few cheepers in the manner described, it is not fair to assume that any sportsman would not have a shot rather than ring the neck of a grouse, especially a sportsman who had been able to shoot forty-nine and a-half brace. I do not suppose, as probably the novelists of the next generation will suppose, that Sir Ralph meant it to be believed that all the previous ninety-nine birds had been captured in the manner depicted. I suppose, rather, that Sir Ralph felt the necessity of a counterblast to the unmerited ridicule that had been heaped upon driving game by an ignorant Press.

Unfortunately, instead of relieving the form of sport he most advocates from attacks like "Ouida's," he ridicules one and she the other, so that they both are held up to the scorn of our uninformed and sentimental rulers. All I can say about it is that a cheeper has always, as far as my memory serves me, been served up pretty hot for its murderer. I once saw one brought up at dinner in a covered dish of large proportions, and set before its unfortunate slayer, so that when the cover was removed there was the silent but accusing corpse in its own feathers to torment him. But an accident of this kind might happen to anybody.

It is the easiest thing in the world to distinguish a cheeper from a full-grown bird in cool blood, but when the perspiration is flooding down the face and eyes it is pretty easy in some lights to mistake a grey hen for a grouse, a cheeper for a grown bird, or even a young pheasant for a partridge. The sportsman who works really hard never need be afraid that the shots will be too easy for him, and there is no finer sport in the world than shooting grouse over really good dogs, provided the dogs and the men both work hard. It is all very well to talk about the easy shots grouse over dogs offer. I have seen crack driving shots find it difficult enough to walk up to the points, to say nothing of killing their brace when they got there.

The worst feature about the matter is that the dogs are not as good as they used to be. Some people have attempted to keep their breeds as free from show blood as possible, but there is always this difficulty—what is to be done when in-breeding has rendered a cross necessary? Then the good-looking descendant of some show winner is possibly preferred, and the result too often is the sort of dog which requires "To-ho" one minute to make him stop when he wants to go on, and "Hie on" the next to make him range when he thinks he is already tired. Really good dogs are not easy to get. There are some sportsmen who take an infinite deal of pains in breeding and breaking their dogs; and drafts from their kennels are often to be had at

Aldridge's and by private sale. But it very rarely happens that any of these sell their best dogs, and there is an enormous lot of difference between the best and the worst even in the most select lot of the best kennels.

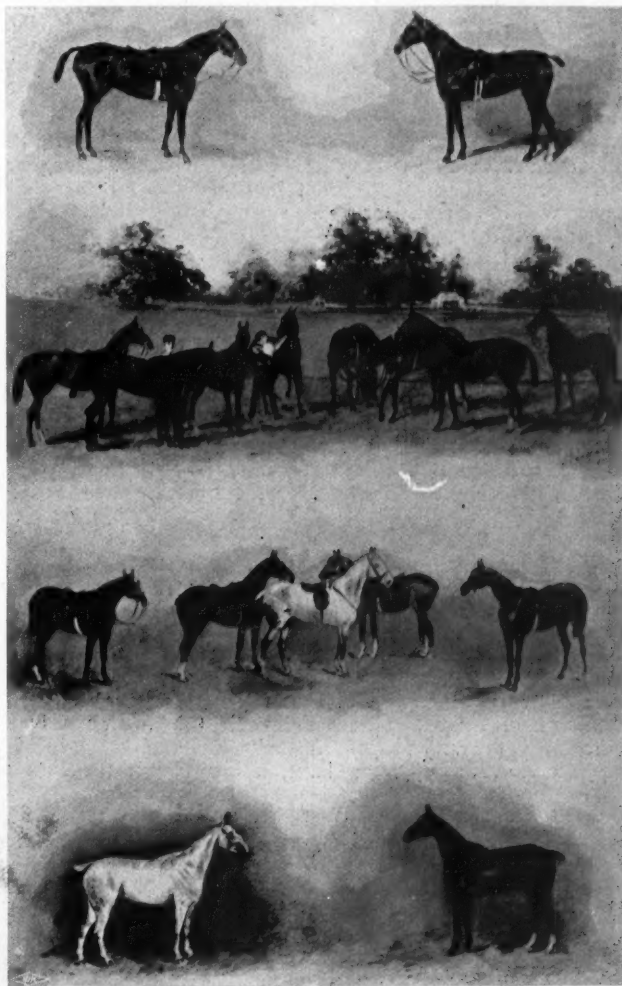
ARGUS OLIVE.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

COMTESSE DE MAUNY TALVANDE, whose portrait we give, with her little son Victor Alexander, the Queen's godson, is the eldest daughter of the late Earl of Strafford, who was for so many years an equerry to Her Majesty. She married in June, 1898, Comte de Mauny Talvande, and before that was a Maid of Honour to the Queen.

## TWO FAMOUS STUDS ... OF POLO PONIES.

A GROUP OF FRIENDS is the name which Lord Shrewsbury has given to the ponies in the illustration, and I do not doubt that most polo players will agree that they enjoy the company of but few of their friends so much as they do the hours spent on the back of a good polo pony. It would, perhaps, be invidious to say that the ponies in the pictures belonging to Lord Shrewsbury and Mr. Walter Jones are the best in England, yet they



A GROUP OF FRIENDS.

are very near it. In Mr. Jones's group the grey pony is Pearl, absolutely, I should think, the handiest pony, and the pleasantest to ride, it would be possible to find. Better-looking ponies there are, no doubt, for the owner would be the first to tell you that Pearl is "not a show pony." There are, however, none better when it comes to a quick turn and twist in a sticky game, to raking the ball out of a scrimmage, or when following a bumping, twisting ball in a run from the centre to the goal. Another pony in this group is Little Fairy, a chestnut mare, a grand-daughter of Newminster, and on a miniature scale rather like that famous horse.

The present writer has known the chestnut mare through all her various changes of ownership, and agrees with an opinion held by the late Mr. Jack Drybrough, "that the Fairy was the best

polo pony in England." Be that as it may, she is very good; she, too, is not a show pony. But if you wish to see the kind of pony that finds favour with judges in the ring, look at Luna in the same group. She has won more prizes before first-rate judges than any other pony in England, with the exception of Early Dawn. Mr. Walter Jones, of Blake-mere, is one of our leading players, seldom being out of first-class matches. He is a great believer in the necessity of good ponies if a player is to keep up his best form. These ponies have been selected with the greatest care and judgment, to combine speed and handiness. The idea that modern polo is a galloping game is so rooted in the minds of some ambitious players, that they only regard speed in a pony. But a polo pony should be handy as well as fast; and in the end the well schooled pony that can turn quickly and is into its best pace in a moment, will always beat at polo the long-striding pony which requires to go over the boards and take a wide circle before it can be turned, though the latter might have the best of it for three furlongs on the straight. Mr. Jones's ponies are worth careful study, for they represent a large but judicious expenditure of money, and are probably the team which are pleasanter to play than any other. For many seasons the present writer has been wont to look with interest at the additions to Lord Shrewsbury's team of polo ponies. For years their owner has been in the front rank of forward players, and played with the Freebooters in their palmy days, when that team were practically invincible.

It is not often that a man retains his form as a forward at polo when he has a son playing, but Lord Shrewsbury and Ingestre might well play on opposite sides, each as No. 1 of their respective teams.

Lord Shrewsbury is a believer in blood ponies, and he likes them all about the same stamp. If there is an exception to this in his stable, we may be sure it is one of striking merit, such, for example, as the grey Sunshine, the famous old pony which Lord Shrewsbury bought from Mr. Buckmaster, and which afterwards went into the R.H.G. team. Perhaps the best known of Lord Shrewsbury's was the brown Elstow, still playing, and of which the late Mr. Moray Brown was wont to write with characteristic enthusiasm. Then there was Shooting Star, and to-day there are Conceit and Venus, the last-named a chestnut mare, with a white near hind heel, and a great favourite, or Bayleaf, of which a well-known judge exclaimed to the writer only a week ago, as he saw Lord Shrewsbury making a glorious run on it, that "Bayleaf is the best light-weight polo pony in England." I do not know that I am quite prepared to endorse that verdict, but it is indeed a good pony. But if at any time you pay a visit to Ranelagh or Rugby, and see light-weight No. 1 on a bang-tailed pony, the very picture of a miniature race-horse, bearing very hard on the opposing back, it is probably the Earl of



W. A. Rouch.

MR. WALTER JONES'S STUD.

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Shrewsbury and Talbot on one or other of his famous group of friends.

## On the Green.

MR. H. J. WHIGHAM, sometime amateur golf champion of the United States, has just returned to this country from South Africa, where he has been serving as correspondent of the *Daily Mail*. He brings home thanks from General Baden-Powell for the innumerable messages of sympathy and congratulation, too many to answer severally, received by him in connection with the never-to-be-forgotten siege and defence of Mafeking. This ex-amateur champion of the States, member of the Scotch family of Whigham so well known in golf, has had a sufficiently venturesome career. He supplied the American chapter to the "Book of Golf and Golfers," but wrote it from Cuba, whither he was sent as correspondent of one of the great American papers at the time that the States were at war in Cuba with Spain. There he was taken prisoner by the Spaniards, and, according to all accounts, was ransomed in exchange for a general, this being the equivalent in military rank to an amateur golf champion. Then Mr. Whigham, coming back to the States quite out of practice, lost the championship. After that he returned to England, and, on the breaking out of war with the Transvaal, went out as the *Daily Mail's* correspondent, as aforesaid. Having acquired the habit of life among such considerable hazards, he is perhaps not likely to be content with the Himalayan and other golfing features of Prestwick, but is more likely to seek the excitement in China that the ebbing war-tide in the Transvaal is supplying in insufficient degree.

For the moment, while golf in England and Scotland is quiet enough, many a good golfer being abroad at one or other scene of our warfare, Braid seems to be playing as good a game as any of the champions. He beat Herd badly lately, on the occasion of the extension of a green near Leeds, and made a new record for the course, and on the whole he is playing golf that neither Vardon nor Taylor can surpass. At the time of the open championship at St. Andrews, so wonderfully won by Taylor, Braid was driving further than anybody, his against wind driving being extraordinarily fine, but he failed in the putting as he often does fail. There seems to be this justice in the ordinance of affairs golfing, that whereas one man may have the advantage in the length of drive over nearly all competitors, to the same man is seldom given much accuracy of putting, otherwise all competing with him would be at an end. Braid, at St. Andrews, was driving a finer ball than Vardon, for though Vardon did great things in his downward drives, his

ball was falling very dead all the while, with a very high trajectory, and Braid when beating to windward would sail away from him. It is really one of the weakest points of this great game that the form, even of the best, varies from week to week and month to month, so that the victory is all too likely to depend on the accident of one or another being at his best on the date of competition. No doubt he who is most often at his best is the best player, and the player who has the best chance of winning; but it may happen to the very best to be "off" on the great day, and then his public form will not be such as represents his game fairly.

We hear reviving rumours of Taylor going to the United States. Vardon intends, we are told, to go in for the open championship of the States. The event would be made much more interesting if Taylor were there at the same time, so that they might fight over again the battle that ended so decidedly in Taylor's favour at St. Andrews.



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UNDER THE TREES AT RANELAGH.

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# FALCONRY

## HOBBY AND MERLIN.

I REMEMBER hearing it debated whether modern falconry is as good as ancient. I do not mean the "modern falconry" of James Campbell, the falconry of 1773; that I will think of as something like ancient falconry. And also as ancient I will consider the sport so brilliantly described by Sir Walter Scott. The question is, whether the art and practice of the last fifty years are as good as they ever were; or, are they better, or worse? My old friend, the late William Brodrick, said "that the sport was never better understood, or more successfully practised, than in the latter half of this century." The matter may be doubtful, but, on the whole, I think I agree with him. I say "I think," because it is evidently impossible to be quite sure; we only read of the past; we absolutely see the present.

If we think of the old falconers as apothecaries, we shall say that they were surely very clever fellows. They prescribed for all sorts of diseases in an astonishingly diffuse fashion. Latham is, perhaps, especially careful not to let any possible accident, or disease, pass without the offer of a remedy. He even provides for a "misfortune" which is hardly likely to happen, and suggests a hasty and not very obvious cure: "If, by misfortune, your Hawke should be bitten with a mad dog, etc."

But I am writing a paragraph or two on the hobby, and surely our ancestors beat us there!

Look at the difference between then and now, in the case of this bird. Here is Mr. Michell, the best living falconer in lark-hawking, whose wonderful success with merlins is so well known, confessing that he is utterly unable to make a hobby fly larks with anything like earnestness, and Colonel Sanford says the same. It is charming to see these birds on the wing; they can fly like swallows; they can "wait on" like a perfect peregrine; they have at their command marvellous speed and power. But they are far too great and grand to make use of these for the benefit of mankind. They are themselves alone; let the others be slaves! But, if not for larks, perhaps for some larger quarry? Not a bit of it. Partridges, surely partridges! They are quite strong enough to hold them.

Very likely, but then they utterly decline to try. A thrush perhaps? Well, it is just "perhaps"; they might, but most likely they would not. Is this modern falconry? What does it all mean? Mr. Michell and Colonel Sanford cannot do it; then no one can.

But the "ancient" falconers! I suppose they are to be believed; they did it. Take "The Gentleman's Recreation" (1721). "The daring hobby may well be called so, for . . . She dares encounter kites, buzzards, and crows, and will give souse for souse, blow for blow, till sometimes they seize and come tumbling down to the ground both together." It is true, however, that this is not absolutely said to happen in falconry, and it is possible that Mr. Nicholas Cox had seen some sort of skirmish between a wild hobby and larger

birds. But listen to Latham (1633). The hobby compels him even to poetry—

"To spring the fearful partridge,  
That in the stubble lies;  
Or else the mounting lark,  
Which soon the Hobbie spies,  
And beats from ground with all her might,  
Up to the lofty skies."

He adds, "For the partridge, the Haggard of this kinde is best, and may most certainly be made a speciall hawk for the same." "With good order in her diet, she will shew herself a hawke to please a Prince." "Then you may put her to it, as either to the Partridge, the Quaile, etc." One more quotation, still as to the hobby, "Also for the lark, I am not able with my pen to expresse the delight, and passing pleasure that is in that flight"; and there is a great deal more to the same purpose. And in Campbell's "Modern Falconry" it is said of the hobby, "She will go eagerly to her business, affording immense diversion to the spectators."

Here then we have a mystery, and a contradiction: the hobby is excellent; she is useless. What is the explanation? The late Captain Dugmore told me that, in the East, medicine is given to some hawks to make them fly; that with it they fly



J. Lowe.

A VERY MODERN CADGE.

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magnificently; without it, poorly. I think he mentioned the sacre as one of these birds. He added that he himself had the secret, and had used it. Strychnine he certainly mentioned as the whole, or part—only, I think, the part. Has this been tried in England with the hobby?

I pass on to the merlin. I ought to have a great affection for this hawk, for I began my hawking life with her. And I well remember my joy at flying and killing a wild bird—put up out of a field—for the first time.

That was at Geddington, in Northamptonshire. Long after that, year after year, at Wild Boar Clough, Cheshire, I killed grouse after grouse with my peregrines—every one of them trained by my own hands, a circumstance which, as a matter of

enjoyment in the sport, is half the battie; but I think that humble and badly-flying lark is the bird which I have the brightest remembrance of. The first time! There is so much in the first time.

And what do the old writers say about merlins? In a great measure, at any rate, they agree with us. I should, however, hardly say that these birds are "unruly," though "The Gentleman's Recreation" says that they are. Nor have I known them "eat off their own feet and talons, and die thereby." That "naturally they fly at partridge, thrush, and lark" we all know, though the partridge flight is uncommon. But the strongest females will take partridge occasionally; indeed, I have known even an old cock partridge killed by a merlin. Such flights, however, are uncommon. Campbell says very much what is known and said now, though I cannot agree with him in the following opinion, viz., that a lark, driven down by a merlin, "never takes to a thicket or bush." I have, more than once, cut a lark out of a bush, and had some difficulty in getting the merlin out, too.

I have trained and flown a good many merlins in my time, both wild-caught and eyesses. With the latter, I am convinced that hack, or "heck," as the old falconers called it, is of very great advantage. In fact, it does not require argument to show that birds which stretch the growing muscles of their wings for two or three weeks, at liberty, in gales probably as well as in calm, must, after they have been taken up and trained, be infinitely better fitted for flying difficult larks than those whose liberty was no longer than the length of an unused barn. In some neighbourhoods, no doubt, hack is impossible; but, where such is the case, lark-flying is probably impossible also. It may be that the sport must be pursued at a distance from home, but the best birds will be required, especially where there is a "gallery." Then, of course, make arrangements with someone living in a safe and convenient country to get the birds hacked. The falconer himself should be on the spot as often as he can, but the matter may be put in the hands of others, well taught, for several days together. A great many years ago I did this; the merlins were nearly three weeks at liberty, during which time I saw them only once, and at the end of hack I took up two out of the three in the bow-net, the third I lost; but I would rather have two good than three indifferent hawks.

There is some little danger in hack, wherever it is established. You may not have enemies, but there may be careless people about; some fellow with a rusty muzzle-loader, for instance, who might shoot either in ignorance or without thought. And, as for keepers—well, your hawks may stray too far; keepers are not always without excuse—they are told to kill hawks; they are half-ashamed to see a hawk about, lest it should be imputed to them for carelessness. If they absolutely knew the bird was yours, they would not shoot. But Nature, or a second Nature, teaches them to kill any mortal thing that even looks like a hawk—it is an instinct, an acquired instinct—even to a cuckoo, or a nightjar. To you who intend to fly hawks at hack, I give this advice—make friends! There are plenty of ways of making them.



J. Lowe.

HOBBY.

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As for taming, merlins are more quickly tamed than are any other hawks; perhaps, also, they are more easily trained, rather another thing, by the way. My wild-caught merlins, when trained, were just as docile as the eyesses. When they were lost they would look for me. Several of them came from Birmingham, and were caught in bird-catchers' nets, at some place the name of which I forget, if I ever knew it, not many miles from the city. I forget also at this moment the name of the bird-stuffer from whom I got them. They were taken to him to kill and stuff, but I taught him better. I remember that he himself brought them from Birmingham to me in Cheshire. One fine hen bird flew house pigeons remarkably well; and I had her on the wing exactly a fortnight after I received her. A little male, as nice a young fellow as ever I saw, was kept at perfect liberty for a fortnight or so; fed, of course, regularly. At last he came into the room. But I made a great mistake with him, and one that ought to be mentioned as a warning. I put on jesses made out of a thin kid glove, for lightness. In any case it would have been wrong, but to put them on a bird which was allowed his liberty was simply idiotic. In a heavy shower of rain they became soft and sticky, and the poor little boy was brought home to me with a broken leg; some boys had found him in a thorn tree, hanging by his jesses. No doubt the leather should be as light as possible, but it must have a certain stiffness. In this case, the leg mortified, and the bird died.

I wish I had killed a snipe with a merlin; but I never did, though I have "put in" several—once with a peregrine. Surely it could be done! I fancy the old falconers did it. Some good merlin will do it this year, I hope. Let me ask any falconer who has a specially good bird to make a point of trying, taking real pains about it, and it would be good of him to let us know the result. A cast of hawks should be used, I think; but, as I may have mentioned before, Mr. E. C. Newcome told me, in a letter which I had from him years ago, that a lark (and so it might be with a snipe) would often come down if it were not for fear of the second merlin flying beneath him. However, let the cast be used,



J. Lowe.

MERLINS.

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and we will hope for a capture on the wing. I remember my friend Brodrick saying, "Merlins are all very well, but peregrines are the birds for you and me." But I don't think he saw many good flights with larks. It is an exciting and a wonderful thing to watch a ringing flight, when sometimes the hawk seems to be leaving the lark, making off in an opposite direction; in reality, the ring is made to the great advantage of the pursuer, who will soon be seen within a very short distance indeed of the quarry. Then, perhaps, the lark is lost to view; then the merlin. Then the reappearance and the "kill." Yes, it is wonderful; and, to anyone who has never seen it, the sight is worth a long railway journey. Still, to be quite honest, I agree with my late friend, and certainly the peregrine has been the bird for me.

If a hawk is to be considered as a pet and companion, the merlin probably takes the first place, though I dare say a hobby would be nearly as amiable. My friend Mr. R. Gardner lent me a little male merlin, in the first plumage, last summer, and I do believe the bird (contrary to one's general notions about hawks) had a sort of disinterested affection for me; or he was very human, and persuaded himself that his attachment was perfectly disinterested. I used sometimes to give him a few mouthfuls of tender food, and toss him out of the window. A couple of hours or so afterwards, when I was, perhaps, half a mile from home, I found him on my head. I generally gave him some trifle to eat, sent him into a tree, and let him follow me home.

What an immense quantity of people there are who have not the faintest idea what faithful friends, servants, and glorious

Does sport, like history, repeat itself? May I hope that there is yet a future, as there has been a past, for falconry? Or shall we always consider the spirit of sport to haunt only those chosen spots of luxurious quiet near the woodside where the rapid exchange of guns, passed from one hand to another, loaded, and to be loaded, is the only motion which suggests energy, where a quick precision is the only skill, and where triumph consists in the magnitude of slaughter?

In the old days, he only was a sportsman who could train not men only, as now, but beasts and birds to help him; who worked for them, as they for him; who felt the stimulus of uncertainty in finding game, and loved to boast of the prowess of the creatures he himself had taught to take it.

Will all this reappear? I believe it will; and I thank Heaven that, in my humble way, and through a long life, I have tried to help it.

PEREGRINE.

## PISCATOR FROM . . . . . A YACHT.—III.

THE British Islands probably have no finer view to offer us than the land and sea scape from the top of Goat Fell in Arran or of the Cuchullin Hills in Skye. There is perhaps more pleasure, more brightness, more variety in the latter cyclorama. The former has more of

majesty with the dark corries running up the flanks of the mountain. But it is ill making comparisons. From the top of Scour na Gilleann, too, in the Cuchullins, there is the mysterious dark terror to be seen as one looks down on Loch Coruisk, that appears nearly land-locked from that view. From the top of these Cuchullins you see plenty of little burns, that look as if they would hold, as indeed they do, plenty of small brown trout, little fellows that will bite like fury when the water is clearing after a spate, and, once having bitten, will fight like fury to be off again. It is good fun landing them with light tackle, but the catching of them, if they are in the humour, is an affair of no skill. It is the "chuck and chance it" style in its extreme degree. And when they are not in the humour they are scarcely to be caught with the most refined skill, and refined skill is scarcely worth wasting on such midgets.

There is a method of deluding them that is amusing, but it is not amusing for long, the method of damming the burn—we will suppose it a very little one—until you have stored back a good pool of water, then breaking the dam with a crash,



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

HIGHLAND CATTLE.

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creators of our sport hawks can be made! "Vermin" is a name good enough for them. They get powder and shot for their deserts. Not nearly enough: sudden death is too good. Torture is what they were made for. Steel traps having great fangs hold them by their broken legs for hours, for days, together. Sometimes they dangle at the top of a pole after this fashion. What might they say had they the sense to reason and the power to speak?—"We are ready to obey you, to serve you, to slave for you, to give you the very entertainment which you most desire—the splendid entertainment of SPORT; and, in the name of Sport, for the sake of it—your idol, almost your god—you crave for our death, and forget your own humanity in the miserable, the infamous, manner in which you compass it."

But my bolt is shot. It is long since I was able to practise falconry, and it is time I left off writing about it. This is my last chapter.



G. W. Wilson and Co.

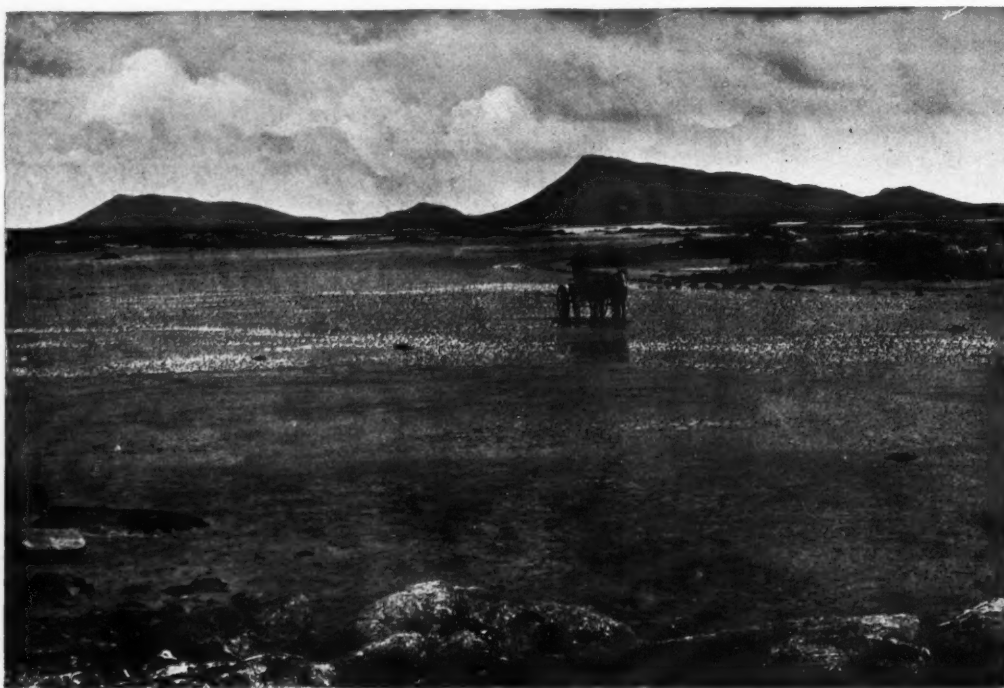
TARBERT BAY.

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which will let the water race down for a minute or two, giving the fish below an impression that a spate has begun, of which you may take advantage to pull out a few with a worm. But this spate on a small artificial scale is not a business that will last for many minutes. The water clears and the fish refuse to move again. It was in one of these little burns—rather larger than the easily damnable size—that Professor Fly was caught one day by the bull belonging to the local crofter township (the aspect of the HIGHLAND CATTLE is always awe-inspiring), and by that hairy monster kept in the water all a summer's afternoon, only to be rescued long after sundown by a party with lanterns. As often as the learned man essayed to come out of the water on one side of the pool the bull forded the burn just below, and appeared on the same side to hunt him back. The training of the ordinary professor of anatomy does not include any matorial course. Luckily for the professor and for science the weather was warm.

Up most of the burns the sea-trout will climb some hundreds of yards, according to the volume of the water. There are lochs in the neighbourhood of the Quirang and of Broadford; but it all amounts to no great things.

From the top of the Cuchullins there is an extended view, embracing the Hebrides from Lewis on the north, with the serrated hills of Harris alongside, to South Uist and Benbecula, the latter so low-lying as likely to be invisible, on the south. So low indeed does Benbecula lie that it is scarcely proper to speak of it as an island, seeing that at low tide the channel thereto is



G. W. Wilson and Co.

## THE NORTH FORD.

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have had good fun with the lythe in the Kyle Reay, after coming up through the narrows above Sleat Sound, where the dark cliffs frown from the one side and the other, and you might imagine yourself a latter-day Ulysses passing between the clutches of Scylla and Charybdis. The dark water here runs strongly, which gives the fish the better leverage to fight your tackle and test your skill. Also there is a fair inn at Kyle Aikin, and everywhere in these lochs and sounds the seascape and landscape is beautiful, and generally you have a good sailing channel right up to the rocks' edge, whence the sheep, HARDY MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS, look down on your boat in wonder. But neither the lythe of Kyle Reay nor elsewhere round the coast of Skye or

anywhere about the coast of the Scottish mainland or islands are "in it," so far as we know them, with the lythe of the Shiant Islands. We of the Fleg and Burscough company were but poorly versed in the Gaelic, but our notion was—I think someone had told us so—that "Shiant" means "Giant" in the Sassenach tongue, the "g" passing into the softer "sh" with the lazy slurring of the Celt, and it needs but a small flight of our fancy to make us deem that the islets took their name from the shiantic or gigantic fish that lurked about them. How big these fish may be, the biggest of them, we never knew, we never shall know, no one will ever know. Not only are there as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, but doubtless a deal better too, and in spite of the cynical axiom invented by one of our party, that "though there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, there are none as



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

## HARDY MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS.

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fordable by THE NORTH FORD. It is rather a shallow connecting link between North and South Uist. Far out in the Minch—nearly over to Harris, whither we used sometimes to sail, and, anchoring in TARBERT BAY, fish some of the lochs for sea-trout—and probably to be seen from the Cuchullins' summit on a day of clear atmosphere, lies a little group of islands, or rocks, called on the map the Shiant Islands. Mark these well, oh, Piscator of the yacht, for here, according to the best of our belief and experience, lie the biggest and the gamest of the sea fish that the waters on the West of Scotland hold. We know well that there are game and heavy lythe in other tideways (we speak not of the saithe, rating the lythe the nobler fish beyond comparison, more game when hooked, more pleasant when cooked). We

good as some that have been hooked and lost," still he would be a brave man that would aver there were no fish as big as the biggest that we ever claimed to have had on our hooks when fishing around these most delectable islands, the fish that did not simply escape our tackle, but in so very many cases escaped with our tackle. The biggest that we actually brought to gaff was something between seventeen pounds and eighteen, nearer the lower figure. But what may have been the size of some that broke us? That we cannot gauge; but we may form some notion of their weight from the manner in which they broke us. It was not that we fought them hard, that after a long battle things came to the breaking point, so that it was a question which would yield, our tackle or the fish. In many a



case there was no question. It was simplicity itself. The fish ran the line out till there was none left on the reel; then there came a moment of heavier strain, it is true, but a moment that seemed to put no check upon the fish; he just went on, and the line came back empty to our hand, to be reeled in again without resistance, the cast broken at its weakest part. At its weakest, but that is not to say that it was weak. It was a good treble twisted gut on which one might hope to land a 50lb. salmon if the blessed occasion arose, but it never landed, it never seemed to bother, any of these "shiant" lythe. Were they indeed fifty-pounders, or were they a great deal heavier, and did they break

us fairly, or did they take some unsportsmanlike advantage of us and get an unfair purchase round some great bough of seawrack at the bottom? "These are the questions nobody can answer. These are the problems nobody can solve." Only we know that we had mighty sport around these islands. Only we know that we left many a good cast in the mouth of many a mighty fish, monster of the deep, that we never even had a sight of.

Probably in the depths of the sea there are monsters unknown to our philosophy, undreamt of, maybe, in our wildest imaginations.

## WILD ANIMALS IN EPPING FOREST.

FROM time to time the papers record the reappearance in Epping Forest of animals which no one would expect to be found established so close to London. We hear of badgers in colonies; foxes, though there are practically no foxes whatever at a similar distance west and south of London; otters—one was seen quite recently crossing from the lake at Wanstead Park to the River Roding; and there are rumours of marten cats and other vanished beasts. It is known, too, that the indigenous wild fallow deer of Epping Forest, probably the oldest and purest race in England, have increased to such an extent that they have to be stalked and shot; and, lastly, that the beautiful little roebuck is now a native of the Essex and City Forest.

Naturally, it is only those who live upon the spot who ever see these creatures frequently. The forest is extensive and full of dense thickets, and those of the wild animals in it which are not nocturnal, or semi-nocturnal, like the badgers and roe deer, are very wild and most difficult to approach.

During a winter walk in the forest the writer had the advantage of the guidance of one who is so familiar with the forest, and with the haunts and habits of the forest animals, that the presence of what was not actually seen was proved by the best evidence of tracks, earths, and feeding grounds. It was, in fact, an excellent day's sport of the harmless kind, with all the excitement of visiting a new and surprisingly beautiful locality, in company equally familiar with its actual present and historic part.

As the topography and story, as well as the natural history, of the forest are admirably set out in Mr. E. N. Buxton's 1s. book on the subject (Stanford), it will be sufficient guidance for anyone



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A MOORHEN'S NEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

who wishes to see these things for himself to say that we entered the forest in search of deer on the right-hand side of the road to Epping, just beyond the Robin Hood Inn. On the right was a long valley full of forest, with forest-clad hills beyond—real forest, be it remembered, not planted woods, but thickets and glades and self-sown timber. Where we sought the deer the ground was different from that on the left. It was a series of rolling hills with narrow valleys between, leading into larger valleys. The hills rose gradually to Loughton Camp, a prehistoric earthwork. On their tops were heather, fern, and beech, on their sides the dense groves of pollard hornbeam and thicket, and at the bottom of each rain-swollen rivulets, which had swept leaves in millions down their channels, and piled them here and there, like snow bridges in a glacier, over the channel, while the water burrowed underneath. In these little valleys, sheltered from the rough winds, deer would probably be lying, and here we sought them, silently, like American backwoodsmen seeking to "jump" a buck. They are so shy and the wood so thick that when one of the best known of Continental big game shots was invited to kill a few bucks, when their numbers needed thinning, he was unable to bag one. Walking silently along the sides of the valleys, peering forward through the black and grey stems of the hornbeams, which the deer's coats just match, we for some time disturbed nothing but rabbits and jays. We then separated, heading parallel valleys, when a glimpse of a deer was obtained at no great distance from the road. A quiet stalk through a hornbeam grove brought us within 50 yds. of a herd, and four were seen for an instant going full speed up the valley-side. Later, a drive was arranged



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A BADGER'S EARTH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright FOX AND BADGER EARTH—MUTUAL ACCOMMODATION. "C.L."

down another valley, but even then the deer were only seen for an instant, though this was rather a piece of ill-luck, caused by their taking a path leading wide of where we were posted.

Those who know the New Forest, or, indeed, any real forest area, know that a forest always holds separate "woods," which have special names, and usually distinct timber growths, with a character of their own.

The counterpart in Epping Forest of Gritnam Wood, or Knight's Wood, in the New Forest, is a beautifully-timbered tract called Monk's Wood. This was evidently once enclosed, and the timber not allowed to be lopped for firewood, as in the adjacent manor of Loughton. Here there are beautiful and tall beeches on rolling hills, really fine timber, with its appropriate carpet of green turf beneath. In a deep valley near, called Dick Turpin's Cave—the forest was a noted hiding-place of robbers—is a dense thicket, in which deer were lying. These were at once wended and pursued by the little terrier who acted as "tufter," and, quivering with excitement, had a fine deer hunt all to herself, through and round the thicket; yet the deer were only heard, not seen, and were so quickly away that, except for the rush through the thicket, they made no sign. On a very charming open glade on the hill top, near Monk's Wood, they had left traces of their contribution to forest scenery in an interesting form. This flat plain is studded with low bushes of beech, which, even in mid-winter, retain their leaves, though all turn to russet. This is due to the deer, which nibble the young shoots in spring and cause a late growth of leaf, which does not mature, and consequently does not fall in autumn. The deer, though rather

destructive to the holly, the bark of which they nibble, thus act as unpaid forest gardeners. The roebuck, always most difficult to see, even in Scotch woods, where they abound, were invisible. But it is known that, though they have increased, they leave the forest proper for the neighbouring preserved woods, especially those of Copped Hall. There are some twenty-five head in the forest. The first were introduced by Mr. E. N. Buxton in 1883. He was anxious to restore them to the forest, and gained the co-operation of Mr. Mansell Pleydell and Mr. C. Hambro, two Dorsetshire proprietors, in whose woods roe are numerous. Mr. J. E. Hastings also helped in capturing them, and accompanied them on their long journey to London. They were taken in nets, just as the red deer stags are in Richmond Park, as shown in COUNTRY LIFE of January 27th. Two bucks and four does were safely enlarged in the thickest part of the forest. Later, Mr. E. N. Buxton himself superintended another day's roe netting, and added eight more to the stock in the forest.

While the roe have thriven, another indigenous ancient Briton, the badger, has found a new home in his old haunt very much to his liking. It is probable that badgers never quite died out, as stray ones were now and then killed. But in 1886 Mr. Buxton turned out several pairs near a kind of "koppe" on Loughton Manor, which has since become a sort of model



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FOX EARTH ABOVE DULSMED.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

dwelling with an ever-growing population, not only of badgers, but of foxes and rabbits. As they constantly enlarge this, and keep it as their headquarters, it is quite clear that (like Mr. Facey



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A HAUNT OF DEER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Romford, who used always to ask himself, "If you was a fox where would you be lying?" Mr. Buxton had a correct taste as to what badgers and foxes consider an "eligible residential site."

From Monk's Wood to these earths the way lay through continuous forest, mainly of pollard hornbeam, down Dulsmead Hollow, and so to the face of the steep hill where the badgers have their home. On the way the terriers ran through one or two minor earths without bolting a fox. The badgers had greatly enlarged these, but their excavations at the main earth were on a Cyclopean scale. An area of hillside quite 50yds. long by 40yds. broad has been burrowed out by galleries intersecting and joining each other. The holes of exit are very large, some being regular craters, while above and outside them tons of earth must be piled up, soil flung out from below. The badgers can only be seen by sitting up in a tree and watching over the holes at dusk. It is quite beyond the powers of any terrier to drive or draw them, though a badger has been known to follow a terrier to the mouth of the den, snarling after him. But the galleries are so large that the terriers can easily bolt a fox. All three of the zealous little dogs which accompanied us, and had already hunted deer and rabbits, dived into separate mouths of the galleries, when their barking was heard deep below, and in less than a minute, whisk! out went a dark brown fox, followed by the terrier, who chased him at best pace off into the forest, and then came back to look for another. The only time at which the joint occupants of the earth quarrel is in spring, when the sow badgers have litters and the foxes their cubs. Fox cubs have several times been found lying outside the earth with their heads bitten through, apparently the deeds of badgers. Mr. Alfred Pease, who knows as much of badgers and foxes as anyone, thinks, on the contrary, that these acts of infanticide are more likely to be caused by a dog fox. In addition to the larger animals named above, there are numbers of rabbits in the forest, too many by far, for they damage the trees. We saw a large holly, quite 8in. in diameter, which had been completely barked by rabbits; they had even gnawed the wood. This was near the fox earth. Hares lie in the northern forest, and are occasionally hunted by harriers, otherwise they are not disturbed. I may add that during the whole winter afternoon spent in the forest the only persons we saw, either on the road or in the covert, were some woodmen at work thinning out the more useless old pollards and some of the keepers. In the spring and summer vast numbers of people of all kinds come down and put the forest to very proper uses. Sketching, painting, botanising, fungus collecting, entomology, observation of birds and beasts—all these are pursued by numbers of quiet and happy votaries, while, in addition, hundreds of thousands of children and grown-ups, male and female, use it as a place for picnics and woodland walks. The good sense and good management which have secured the restoration and preservation of the old wild life in so popular and populous a neighbourhood will be apparent to every reader.

C. J. CORNISH.

## In the Garden.

### BIENNIAL FLOWERS.

THIS is a group of flowers so-called because the plants bloom the following year after sowing the seed, but there is often a very thin line between this class and the annuals, as with certain culture the biennial may be made to flower in the same year the seed is sown. Biennials are flowers for all gardens, and with their aid bright masses of colour may be obtained cheaply. The seed costs very little, and all that is necessary is a cold frame in which to raise the seed. It may be sown out of doors, but we place stronger faith in the frame, as the seedlings are more under control. A rough frame is very easily constructed. The question may now be asked, What are the biennials of sufficient beauty for the garden? We draw no hard and fast rule as to the precise definition of a biennial, so shall include the following: Antirrhinums, Canterbury Bells, Evening Primrose, Foxgloves, Honesty, Stocks, Wallflowers. There are others, the *Michauxia campanuloides* as an example, but we doubt the wisdom of the beginner attempting its culture.

*Antirrhinums* are, as is well known, called also rabbits'-mouths and snapdragons, and *A. majus* is the flower that dwells upon many an old wall. This has given birth to the beautiful kinds of our gardens. Three colours only would we select, the pure white (White Swan), the deep yellow, and rich crimson, all selfs. These may be used for bedding, and bloom continuously from early summer until the autumn if the flowers are not permitted to form seeds. When the seed is sown under glass in spring the plants will bloom the following summer, but as a

rule seed is sown late in May and throughout June, using for the purpose the cold frame, or some well-prepared spot out of doors. When the seedlings are strong enough, plant out into another little bed and thence to the places they are to flower in.

*Canterbury Bells* are so named from the bell-like shape of the flowers. They are forms of *Campanula medium*, and a good selection should be in every garden, selecting the self colours, a good blue, white, rose, and lavender. There are many horrible shades which must be avoided, and for this reason it is wise to choose the plants when in bloom. Difference of opinion, of course, exists as to the advantage of the huge cup and saucer-shaped kinds, which are undoubtedly coarse, and in some cases ugly. The smaller forms are prettier and freer. Sow the seed in the open at the same time and in the same way as that of the *Antirrhinums*, and some may be grown on in pots. It is not generally known that the *Canterbury Bell* is a handsome pot plant, but we describe its usefulness now for the open garden.

*Evening Primrose*.—This becomes almost a weed, but its flowers are so profuse and fragrant that we always grow some of it. It is a true biennial, and



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### A FUTURE MONARCH.

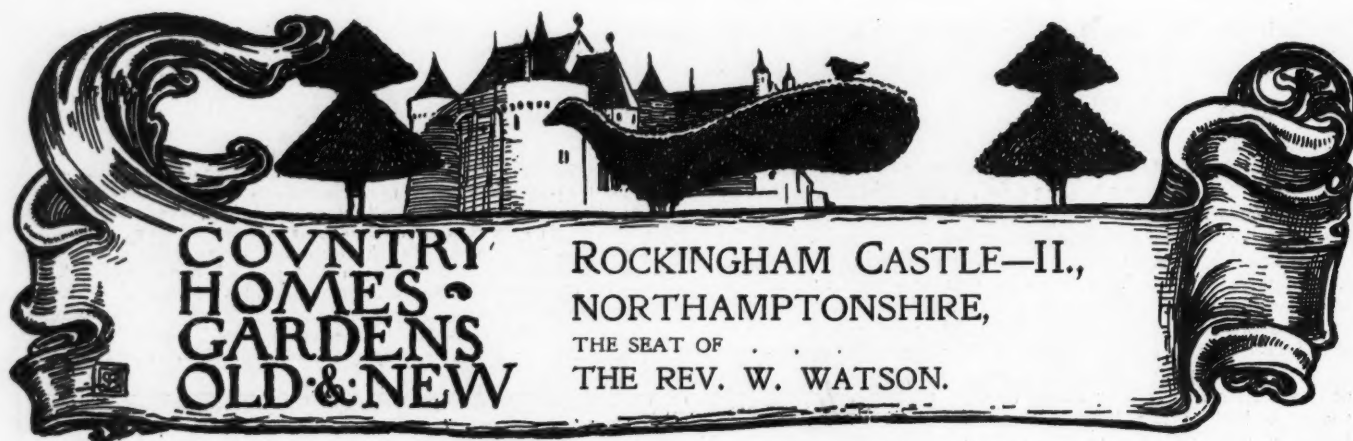
"COUNTRY LIFE"

the seed quickly comes up if sown out of doors at the same time as previously recommended. A frame is unnecessary. Put out the plants in the autumn.

*Foxgloves*.—These are pretty if one has a small piece of woodland near, or some spot which it is desired to clothe with a few cheap plants. Seed may be sown where the seedlings are to remain, and in time the Foxglove colonies will renew themselves. The flowers of a good selection are very varied, some spotted and blotched on a pure white ground. As a rule the most beautiful kinds occur in a strain called *Gloxiniæflora*, so-called because the flowers resemble those of the *Gloxinia*. This is a plant to group, and the finer kinds for the size and colour of the flowers belong to this race, or "strain," as it is usually called. Raising hardy flowers and, of course, biennials from seed is very interesting work. In this way one may obtain delightful races of *Primroses*, *Polyanthuses*, *Auriculas*, and similar things. Always procure seed of the best races, as only in this way can one hope for good results.

### CARNATIONS DYING OFF.

The *Carnation* is one of the most perplexing of garden flowers. It is so beautiful that one desires to enjoy it in big groups, masses of colour throughout July; but, unfortunately, as many know too well, it has an unhappy trait of dying off from almost unaccountable causes. This question has been the subject of many interesting letters lately in the *Garden*, contributed by such famous amateurs as Mr. Martin Smith. Mr. Smith declares that a change of soil is essential—the plants get, so to speak, "sick," and die off wholesale—and has an extensive experience to support this contention, whilst Mr. Douglas thinks a change of stock more frequently desirable to maintain the health of the plants. There is no question that rich manure is fatal, and it is often better to plant in the spring than in late autumn. A grower in Northumberland, in his letter to the *Garden*, says: "I have been a heavy sufferer during the past four years. In my own case, I attribute it entirely to the attack of the leather-coated grub, which eats round the collar of the plants, just underneath the surface of the soil. Whenever the grub attacks a plant it soon shows signs of dying, and on examination I have rarely failed to find it. Many growers in the North have complained to me about the loss they have had among their plants, and on requesting them to look for the grub they have come to the conclusion (by the number they have found) that it is the work of this underground enemy. I have tried every means to eradicate them, but have to resort to hand picking, which is most tedious when some hundreds of plants have to be gone through. As to culture, I cultivate well, but add no manure to the ground until it is applied as a mulching. I believe in treading the ground well before planting, and each hole receives a dusting of soot before the plant is put in. As to change of soil and quarters, I have grown plants on the same borders for ten successive years, and Mr. Douglas can testify that the plants were as vigorous at the end of that time as they were at the beginning, as I then frequently exchanged plants with him, hence his remarks as to a change of stock. I have experimented with several antidotes for the destruction of the grubs after collecting them, to try to find one that may be applied to the soil without injury to the plants, and I found petroleum very fatal to them; this should be tried in a diluted state on a portion of the ground they are to occupy next year."



# COUNTRY HOMES & GARDENS OLD & NEW

ROCKINGHAM CASTLE—II.,  
NORTHAMPTONSHIRE,  
THE SEAT OF  
THE REV. W. WATSON.

**I**N a previous article we have recounted something of the history and associations of this remarkable house, and it now remains to say a little concerning its external features, and to indicate in a general manner what are the attractions of its surroundings. To begin with, the mansion, as we have said, stands high, and has a great outlook across the valley of the Welland, which is no mean advantage. The elevation of the castle above the surrounding country, and the fine position, with the background of great lime avenues and groups of forest trees, give, indeed, a character quite its own to the place, combined with the picturesque and broken features of the park, and the abrupt slopes and earthworks upon which the castle stands. The distant prospect is of the vast expanse of the wide valley of the Welland, with village after village, each grouped round its church, visible on every piece of rising ground in the landscape, while the low hills of Leicestershire close the view, and Holt, which was a house of the Nevills, and Stoke Dry, belonging to the Digbys, who were related to the Watsons of Rockingham, are prominent in the view. This is the country in which Stilton cheese is made, though Stilton itself is not within the prospect.

Although this was a forest, it has not the woodland character. The legal forest had, in fact, no necessary connection with trees at all, and such richness of foliage as the land possesses has been greatly due to judicious planting; and the varied ground of the park at Rockingham, with its deep ravines running down towards

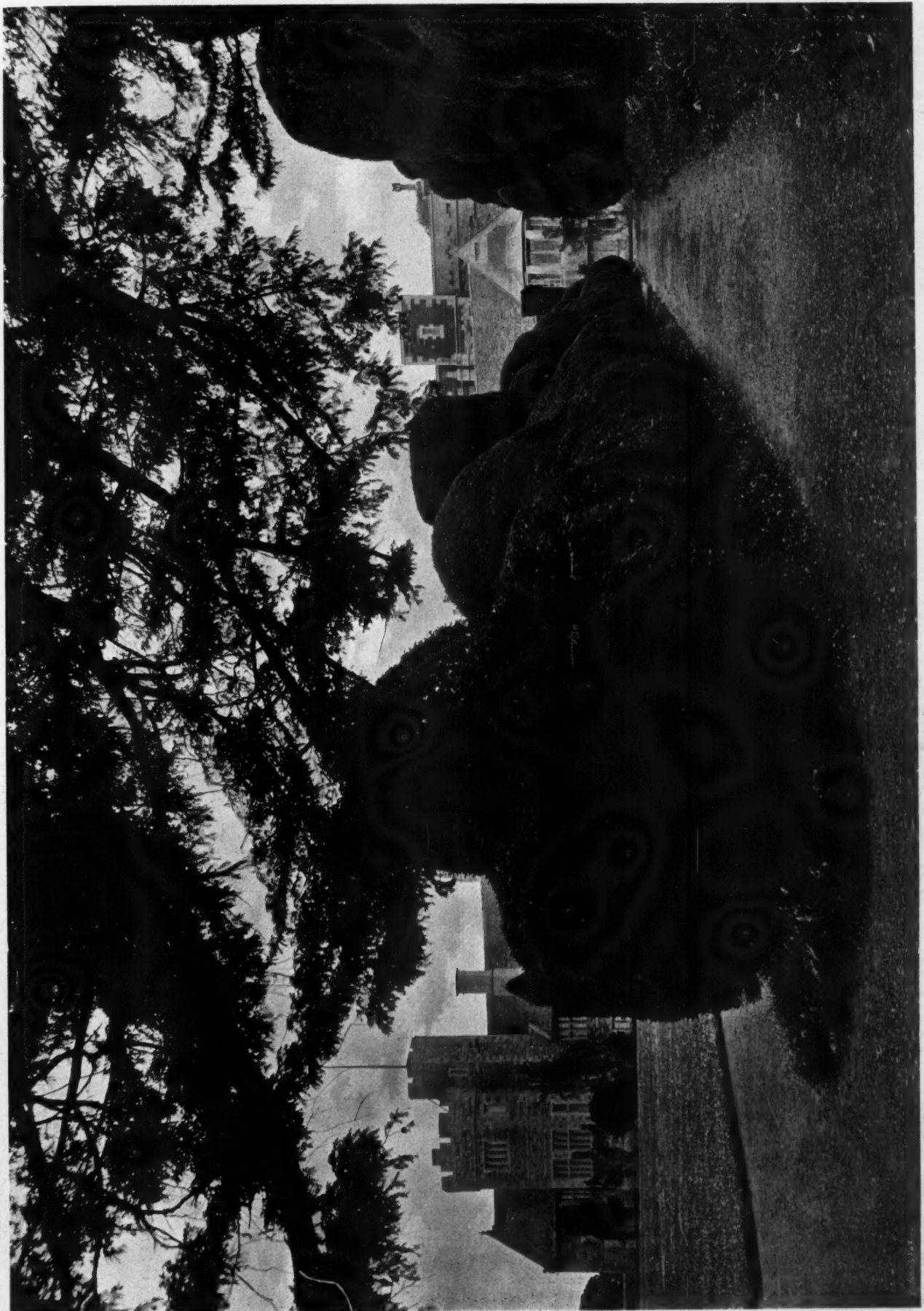
the river flats, has gained a great deal at the hands of its possessors. Much planting took place hereabout in the first half of the eighteenth century, when the second Duke of Montagu, John "the Planter," was occupied in laying out his splendid gardens and ornamental grounds at neighbouring Boughton, where the great elm avenues are magnificent. Duke John, who died in 1749, set a great example to the noblemen and gentlemen of the Midlands, and it was at this time that the Watsons of Rockingham did so much to make their splendid dwelling what it is.

The village street climbs to the ridge of Oolite by a gradual ascent from the market cross, the road being margined with grass, and having picturesque cottages and rural gardens by the wayside. It is attractive as such villages are, and is the surviving type of those rural dwelling-places that were dependent in the Middle Ages upon the protection of the castle. A great bank of trees faces the visitor, and on arrival at the castle he finds, in the meadow known as the "tilting ground," a fine surrounding of trees, with a grand avenue of limes on one side.

The restoration of the castle was largely executed under the care of Mr. Salvin, but the main frontage has been little changed. The most interesting feature is perhaps the great gateway, which dates from 1275, and consists of an arch flanked by two circular towers, resembling generally the gateway at Warwick. By this way we reach the outer bailey or court of the castle, where the inhabited buildings now stand, forming with the gateway three sides of the area, while the fourth is a raised terrace overlooking







"COUNTRY LIFE."

GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—ROCKINGHAM CASTLE: THE CASTLE AND YEW WALK.



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THE YEWS FROM THE LOWER GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the valley. Steps lead up to the great mound which marks the site of the ancient keep, and a moat still remains on the south side, while there is a second moat at a distance of about 70yds., these having been formed for protection on the side most open to attack.

We may reach the inner court through the hall, which is of Tudor character. That court, which is laid out as a garden, is intersected by a double yew hedge of very remarkable character. It may be doubted, indeed, whether any such hedges exist elsewhere in England, though these at Rockingham are not without some affinity to the great yew hedges at Cleeve Prior. The curious billowy character of the Rockingham hedges, which certainly form the most characteristic feature of the whole garden, will be seen better in our pictures than words could describe. The area below the double hedge is mostly laid out as a lawn, and from the margin the wide prospect which has been alluded to is surveyed. Above the dividing hedges the ground is higher, and

here we find an arrangement of somewhat formal bedding, but the whole character is unusual and remarkable.

Elsewhere the gardens are very beautiful, and full of sweetness and attraction. The various levels, the fine ornamental trees, and certain characteristic features, add a great deal to the attraction. The rose garden is of singular arrangement, and is quite distinctive in its features. Its circular hedge, cut like a wall, is severely formal, but it is an excellent background for the flowers, and affords a sharp contrast to the finely-grown forest trees which are its neighbours.

We are not concerned to criticise the garden arrangement at Rockingham. What will be readily admitted is that the garden is appropriate to the situation, and that on the crest of the hill, as lower down in the ravines which lead to the valley, the work has been generally judicious. The terrace garden may appear a little bare, but it is quite in keeping with the character of the structure and with the elevated position upon the top of the



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FROM THE SOUTH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



hill. In the park, on the other hand, the richness which has resulted from the careful planting of the seventeenth century is found. Certainly we may go far before we find a house invested with so remarkable a history, and yet possessing the character of a modern residence, and graced by such gardens and by so fine a park as we depict.

## BOOKS OF . . . THE DAY.

THREE books, all of them interesting in their way, lie before me for treatment to-day, and the space at my disposal is all too short to do even partial justice to one of them. The first of the books that fall to my lot is entitled "The Rise and Fall of Krugerism," a personal narrative of forty years in South Africa, by John Scobell and H. R. Abercrombie (Heinemann). Mr. Scobell was the correspondent of the *Times* in Pretoria up to the beginning of the present war. His collaborator is a member of the Intelligence Department in Cape Colony, and one of them—I do not know which—appears from the dedication to be the oldest English resident in South Africa. The book itself is the soundest and most thorough account of the political evolution in South Africa that I have seen. And it states in a very forcible manner the views of the old-time loyalist settlers, in whom at bottom everybody is interested very much more than in the goldseekers or the capitalists. It needs hardly to be said it contains a scathing indictment in the most temperate language of the policy of the British Government in the past, if policy it can be called. Particularly interesting is the account of the manner in which the parsimony of the Colonial Office and the Treasury drove Mr. Kruger from the position of a subordinate British official into that of a plotter on a huge scale against the Imperial authority. That little episode is one of those which have been forgotten, and it is worthy to be brought back to mind:

"The alleged causes of the war of independence were, the failure to keep the promise of according popular representation made by Sir Theophilus Shepstone in the annexation proclamation, and the military style of government adopted by his successor, Sir O. Lanyon. No doubt there is some truth in these allegations, which offered sufficient grounds for the agitation set on foot by certain malcontents, of whom Mr. Kruger and Dr. Jorissen were the chief. It may, however, be safely asserted that the immediate causes for the turning of popular opinion against British rule were, the parsimony of the authorities in Downing Street, and the short-sightedness of their treatment of the two most important persons concerned in the matter.

"The ability and influence of Mr. Paul Kruger were to a certain extent recognised as valuable, and a position was given to him upon the Executive, of which Sir Theophilus Shepstone was the chief. But Mr. Kruger's estimate of his value was higher than that accorded to him by the Administrator, and it was not long before he became discontented with the amount of his honorarium (£300 per annum), and he made it known that he would not continue to give his services longer for such a pittance. By a misrepresentation of facts, he was



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THE MARKET CROSS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

able to add another hundred to his income, and that addition was subjected to an enquiry by the Home Government, the Colonial Secretary (Mr. Osborn) being called upon to make it good. This naturally led to a somewhat warm correspondence with Mr. Kruger, who, however, could not be induced to disgorge. From the time that he resigned his seat upon the Executive he became an avowed enemy of the new régime, and used his influence among his fellow-countrymen to promote discontent, and bring the Government into odium.

"Paul Kruger appealed to the religious sentiment, and urged upon the attention of his compatriots the godless character of the administration, preaching the doctrine that the Boers were God's chosen people, and that the favour of the Almighty would be on their side in any struggle with the new Government. He impressed upon his credulous people that the English were nowhere mentioned in the Bible, and but few of his hearers thought fit to question him as to where the mention of the Boers as men after his own heart might be found. His frequent appearance in the pulpit gave him a sacrosanct influence with his hearers, and added not a little to his power. He used his reputation for special holiness precisely as the Mahdi did when he contemplated the conquest of the Soudan, and eventually wrested it from the enfeebled hands of the Egyptian Government."

It is unnecessary to remark that the writers have the highest possible opinion of Sir Bartle Frere and Sir Alfred Milner, and the lowest possible opinion of the Boers. However, most of their assertions are backed by evidence, and they undoubtedly succeed in proving that there has been real slavery in the Transvaal. The following explanation of the reasons why the Boers have indulged in so many native wars may, however, be regarded as somewhat cynical:

"The Kafir wars afford everywhere examples of the most callous brutality, winked at by the Boer Government, by whom they were undertaken simply as an exercise for the purpose of getting the fighting force of the Transvaal accustomed to life on the battle-field, and ready for the time when the more serious task of bearding Great Britain would have to be ventured upon. This

means of acquiring the necessary qualities seemed almost dictated by the absence of sport.

"The indiscriminate slaughter of game in times past had deprived the youths of the Republic of the opportunity of becoming marksmen in the hunting-field, and it was necessary to find some other means of making them skilled shots besides target shooting for prizes, which was encouraged by Government."

Finally, it is comforting to note that the authors, who are men of the highest experience, do not believe that the ultimate settlement of South Africa will be so difficult a business as pro-Boers would have us believe.

"Seven Gardens and a Palace," by "E. V. B."—everybody knows who "E. V. B." is—is one of the most charming books which have been published by John Lane for many a long day. It is a collection of articles which have been printed by that very graceful writer in the *Anglo-Saxon Review*, in *Blackwood*, in *COUNTRY LIFE*, in the *National Review*, and in the *Pall-Mall Magazine*, introduced by a poem entitled the "Poetry of Gardens," which appeared in that delightful miscellany, "In Praise of Gardens," which was collected by Mr. Sieveking. "Dropmore," "The Old House of Huntercombe" (which is "E. V. B.'s" home), "Maryculter," "Elrick," "Ellon Castle," and "Hampton Court" are all treated



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ROCKINGHAM: THE VILLAGE INN.

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in a tone of pleasant rhapsody. A very serious reviewer might perhaps be inclined to say that there is no substance in the work; probably it was no part of the intention of the author that it should be substantial, although, as a matter of fact, it inculcates a large number of useful lessons in good taste. To me the book is delightful, mainly for the beautiful flow of words, none of them wasted, and all used to the best effect, for the minute power of observation which it shows, and for its close sympathy with Nature. One can read it with sheer pleasure for the mere sake of reading; and it is only after the whole is done that one realises that one has learned a good deal. This passage from the poem is entirely delightful: "Fain would we linger in the gardens of Portugal, under the sweet-scented camellias of Cintra—lost in reverie amidst her rose-wreathed thickets. Strange is the remembrance of the beautiful Montserrat Cathedral water-aisles, whose torrents foam down in long cascades beneath the high-arched tree ferns. And in Spain, like a scene in the 'Arabian Nights,' comes back to us the old Moorish garden of Granada, with marble-lined canal and lofty arcades of trimmed yew, topped with crescents, pyramids, and crowns."

"Those are our gardens of past joy. Yet others still exist, whose memory in secret cherished is shrouded with a tender mystery. Lovelier than all gardens we have known, graced with the far-off charm of the unattainable are they, the gardens we have wished for, but have never seen. Words cannot paint them, for memory sets no copy; yet the longing for them does still possess our hearts with visions of their unknown beauty. Long ago there was a garden such as this; a garden I never saw, whose image haunts me with a dim regret. It was in the South of France. The hot, white road brought us at last to the foot of a rocky steep. A shepherd boy pointed to the stony path we had to climb, wading up through thorny ways, among the cistus and the wild lavender. High on the summit stood the small pink chateau with its chapel, and the garden walled all round. The chapel door stood wide open, and showed within the altar with its faded roses and its finisled virgin. But the garden door in the wall was shut and locked. There on the thymy ledge outside the garden wall, beside the worn step of the blind shut door, we sat down among the irises. In the still hush of afternoon we listened to the gentle stir of leaves among the walnuts and evergreen oaks that overtopped the wall. Pale pink petals floated down from the China roses clambering about the trees, and fell softly at our feet. Sometimes there came a little sound of tinkling waters running over into some marble basin, or the fitful melody of a nightingale, or the voice of the turtle was heard somewhere within the thick shade, and the scent of new-blown orange flowers ever and again just touched the air. Sometimes a great black wild bee heavily laden passed over from the other side, droned for a moment in the purple irises, and drifted away into space. Below the rock, and away as far as the eye could reach, a grey mist of olive woods filled all the valley, veiling the mountain-sides till lost at last in lilac hollows of the hills. But the garden gate in the wall of Castellar opened never to us; and never save in fancy have we crossed its sunny threshold nor wandered down the close-clipped alleys, or ever seen the sculptured nymphs gleam white amid the ilex groves—its fountains or the bloom of its summer flowers."

Then consider the whimsicality of this. (Who else could have written with such dainty fancy about the crocks which children find in gardens and about houses and use in innocent games?)

"Little more than 200 years ago the house stood within the forest (a great wood in which might roam 100 hogs). Year after year a few fronds of green bracken will still sprout up, and there is a tangle of furze growing in the waste by the side of the high road; nothing else remains to show that the country has been desolated of wood. No heed seems to have been taken of the ancient covenanting of the manor, to except 'the great trees and stadells' from profit of the axe. Agriculture claimed all. In those dim times when Burnham Abbey held sway, little might be known outside of what went on within walled places such as these, in the midst of such woodland wilds, with no public roads passing near. Slender, indeed, are the surviving traditions, but that there was no rose-leaf rule in the convent or the prioress's house, seems clear enough from the few that remain."

"All over the garden, little old tobacco-pipes are dug up from time to time. Inveterate smokers the gardeners of a century back must have been, judging by the quantities of pipes they left about! Funny little narrow-mouthed pipes, all with stems broken off to within an inch or two. It is the fashion of the day to collect, and so it became my habit to collect all sorts of rubbish, and the tobacco-pipes, etc., have a shelf to themselves. The other shelves in the cabinet contain, along with fossils picked up from the gravel walks and roads, shards and shards of old china and earthenware that have come to light among the cabbages and gooseberries in the kitchen garden. It was mostly after rain they would crop up to the surface. How amusing it was to pick up the bits, and trace in fancy the changing taste of the changing tenants of the house! The supply, however, was not unlimited; and in these days to pick up a bit of a familiar Dresden plate, or a chip out of one's own blue Delft, is not so satisfactory. Among the rest, there is the curious brown ware of Elizabeth's reign; that might have to do with George Evelyn's. One morsel of very early earthenware, I dream, may have been part of the prioress Alice Baldwin's best beer jug. It is a coarse, heavy make, dull blue within, and smeared in white outside. Shards of old blue Nankin were found everywhere, and may have been Mrs. Evelyn's hobble; and one reflects what awkward housemaids she had! Then comes an interval; and then Mrs. T. Eyre's lovely Queen Charlotte's lily pattern

Worcester tea things share in the common smash. Wedgwood then has its turn: a black teapot, and sage green milk jugs, with patterns of goats and children. Then Spode and Lowestoft, etc.—often the very bit that bore the mark. A little piece has painted on it, in pale green, a cottage by a lake with a bridge; a curious ware, probably well known, to the few who know."

My last extract illustrates "E. V. B.'s" intense sympathy with animal nature, which is, perhaps, her keenest fancy. The tragedy of the kestrel is really pathetic. I give "E. V. B.'s" account of it, to which she adds a note: "The summer had been very dry, and the supply of insects and mice, on which alone the kestrel feeds, had failed."

"But it happened here, and I still recall sadly sometimes the episode of the last end of the kestrel who had lived here in peace, haunting the old tower, for the past two years. On summer Sunday afternoons she would perch on the highest branch of a tall fir tree below the terrace, surveying thence all that went on. One evening something was amiss. The bird flew low, settling near us on the grass, then heavily mounting to her roost on the tower, whence she would watch us for a time and then fly down again. It was surmised that she had killed and eaten a lost caged dove, and she was sentenced to be shot to-morrow. But 'to-morrow' we found the kestrel half-dying in the strawberry beds, and soon she ceased to breathe, and we laid her on the grass for dead. There she remained, dead, till evening. Then I took up the poor bird, stretched her long wings, and smoothed her ruffled plumage. Suddenly, the great beautiful eyes opened wide—gazing full upon me! The soul of the kestrel yet lived, though its body was dead. In a quiet nook hard by release soon came. Utter starvation was ascertained to be the cause of death. Could we but have known!"

The note, of course, is inaccurate, but amiably inaccurate. The kestrel is certainly the least destructive hawk that there is, and it is very seldom a poacher. So seldom, that the keenest game preserver as a rule orders his keepers to spare kestrels; but when food is scarce, and young partridges or pheasants are conveniently accessible, some of them find their way to the nurseries of the kestrel.

Nothing but experience would have convinced me that it was possible that anybody at this time of day could write cricketering recollections which would



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interest me. The plain fact remains that I read "Old English Cricketers," by "Old Ebor" (Blackwood), with intense interest. It really makes excellent reading. But I am going to use it as a sermon. Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell, the well-known Eton master, is probably the most enthusiastic cricketer that the world has ever seen, and his influence upon the form of successive generations of the best cricketers has been greater than that of any other man. When, therefore, Mr. Mitchell—or Mike, as Etonians call him—suggests that cricket may absorb too much attention, matters are serious. This is what he says, and it is what many of us know to be true. I set it out in a mood of unwonted seriousness:

"Generally speaking, however, there are not as many Etonians in first-class cricket as formerly. There is a reason for this. It is, that to play in first-class cricket nowadays you have to be an idler man—that is to say, you need to have sufficient time on your hands to play regularly. This leads me to make some comments that may possibly seem outspoken. I think that a man without means, who does not pass as a professional cricketer, has no right to waste the best years of his life in following a game that he cannot afford to play. It is to me a melancholy spectacle to see young fellows, possessing all the gifts of mind and body that Nature could bestow upon them, who would be certain to succeed in any serious occupation that they might take up, pass the best years of their lives in merely playing cricket. They do this because it is easy for them to secure places in first-class teams, and thus to lead a pleasant life without cost for the time being. These remarks do not apply to many cricketers, but there are a few to whom they do apply, and it is because the system is a dangerous one that I raise my voice against it. It is a sad mistake for a gifted young man to allow himself to be thus drawn away from the serious business of life at a time when he should be securing a place in a profession for himself, and building up his future."

"The system has another objection that I cannot pass over in silence. It is producing a class of gentlemen players, who are really professionals in fact, if not in name. I do not like this system. It is not fair to the legitimate professional. There is no official definition of the difference between the



gentleman and professional player, and, so far as I know, one has never been given. This is to be regretted. In some instances it is also hard upon the professional. The Australian system, which does not recognise any difference in the status of its players, seems a fairer one. The question is a thorny one, I admit, and it is much easier to criticise its inequalities than to suggest a practical remedy."

## MERRIE ENGLAND UP TO DATE.

SOMEONE had been into the town, four miles off, and brought back the news of a British victory. Evening papers are unknown in Orlingbury, which is a village of but 250 inhabitants, including the babes and bedridden, and its aspect is usually that of a happy little cat asleep in the sun, except when the children come out of school, or in the evening after work. It is just as pretty and peaceful as an ideal English village should be, a sleepy Sweet Auburn, with its shady green flanked on one side by the square-towered church and tiny school-house, on the other by a real Queen Anne hall and rectory. The high road winds by the church, past a miniature chapel of unadorned grimness, a farm, and some thatched cottages, while at the further corner of the green the village street runs down to another farmhouse. The road branches in four directions, whose ways are indicated by the ghostly fingers of a tall sign-post, and two paths cross upon the grass, meeting near the draw-well. A dozen or more venerable elms stretch their huge branches, now robed in tenderest green and greyish blossom, over the rough seats committed to their care, and soften all views of the church with their leafy veil.

I was staying at the Hall when the news came, and I was half dragged, half carried up the carriage drive to join the impromptu meeting at the rectory gate for the arrangement of the revels. On the way we snatched our colours from the flower beds—flaming June poppies, dark blue violas, and a spray of drooping white lilac. What was to be done? It was decided to hold a demonstration; but when? Now? No. Better have it at eight o'clock, when everyone shall have had time to feed, and the ringers have finished their day's work in the fields.

At eight the bells began to peal, and we surged out again into the cool twilight. Hugh of the Hall, and Dorothy of the Rectory, carried a big banner of red, white, and blue, with great pomp and pride, waving small flags over their heads as they went along. They made for the plunk seat under the biggest elm and stood upon it, holding up the bunting to make a background to the rector, who presently addressed the little assembly.

There must have been 200 persons altogether straggling over the green and trying to look as indifferent as if nothing were happening to disturb their apathy, a manner characteristic of the rural Englishman, who needs a good deal of rousing to set his nerves tingling. But when, having been invited by the rector to draw nearer, they formed a half circle round the flag-hung trees, there were signs of awakening interest. They listened attentively to the parson's telling little oration, and soon indifference vanished from each stolid countenance, giving place to enthusiastic appreciation and applause. "God Save the Queen" was then started by a local cornet player, with much spirit, and a very creditable volume of sound rang out upon the clear evening air through the whole three verses. Then somebody sang "Rule, Britannia!" with patriotic unction, and the chorus was sung twice over to each verse by the entire strength of the little company. The school children, many of them mere babies, stood right in front, with fascinated eyes fixed upon the soloist, each rosy mouth stretched in a joyous smile. How they clapped their dirty little hands and shouted when we gave three cheers for the Queen, for "Bobs" and "Tommy Atkins." We made quite an imposing amount of noise between us, and must have scared mightily the rooks and jackdaws that were composing themselves to rest in our vicinity.

A faint half-moon swam slowly about the creamy islands in the sky, and the air came freshly sweet from gold and silver meadows beyond the village. The bells rang out again merrily, and, after a distribution of coppers to the children, the rector led us to the small cruciform church that stands above the green, its hoary tombstones half hidden in a foam of dainty "keck" and glitter of buttercups. It is not very old, having been rebuilt this century, but it boasts one relic of the past in the form of a recumbent alabaster figure of great antiquity, called Jock o' Badsaddle, and said to have been a Crusader. His hands are mutilated, and the village folk say that his fingers were bitten off by a lion—a real live lion in tame Northamptonshire! True, it happened a long while ago. The legend runs that "he fit with a wolf and he fit with a lion, then drank of the spring and died"; and that is all we know of the worthy knight who lies with his head on something that may have represented a wolf, and his feet on something that positively does resemble a lion. Well, into this church we all trooped.

Our service on this particular evening was very short, but nothing could have been heartier. First, the rector delivered an impressive address, lasting about five minutes; then we sang the "Te Deum," two Psalms, and "All People that on Earth do Dwell"; and, finally, we knelt to offer three prayers of thanksgiving. As we went out of the bat-light the bells started once more that musical rapture, while on the green the lads began to play football with a zeal that seemed to suggest the way they would like to serve their country's foes. An occasional flash of summer lightning flickered in and out of the foliage sheltering the old Hall (owned by a descendant of Sir Isaac Newton) and mocked the serene radiance of the now clearly-outlined moon overhead. A fair, sunburnt young man in corduroys, with a red handkerchief knotted picturesquely round his throat, stood at one corner of the green playing a concertina while two or three couples danced. His tune was somewhat spoilt by the clamour of the bells, but his time was excellent. We danced a polka on the rough grass, thickly strewn with hop-like blossoms of the elm, and then someone suggested the "Rosetree." Our musician had forgotten the air, but when a few bars had been whistled in his ear he caught it and began to play it on the concertina with spirit. The bells crashed out, the moon smiled on us as we whirled in corymbic frenzy. The "Rosetree" is a simple but energetic dance. You form two lines, then "swing" your neighbour's partner and afterwards your own, sail up the middle and down again, swing your partner once more, and that is all—but you have to keep on doing it!

At half-past nine the clanging bells and happy voices were all stilled. Lights began to glimmer in the upper windows of the cottages about the green; the village was putting itself to bed. At the Hall beer and largesse had been distributed to the ringers, and soon the silence that only rural haunts can know folded us under its great soft wings.

The "demonstration" was over; sleepy Orlingbury had crept into its cosy shell again. But it had given a very respectable illustration of Merrie England

as she is in her maturity; and probably in far days to come, when the Transvaal War shall have faded to a mere annal, the old folk of the village will spin thrilling yarns about the "grand doin's" on the green when they were young, as they sit under the rooks and jackdaws in the elms on scented summer nights, when the twilight is falling and a little white ghost of a moon comes gliding out of the lavender sky, to paint with silvery touches the tranquil unchanged scene.

MARY L. PENDERED.

## Japanese Trees.

SO much interest has been aroused by the recent exhibit of Japanese dwarf trees at the Temple Show, and the high prices realised for the collections subsequently sold by public auction in London, that additional interest may be provided to the readers of COUNTRY LIFE by the two photographs showing these trees, in a dwarf and giant state, in their native country. In contrast to the English cottage with its front garden, every Japanese residence of that description has its garden at the back, the severe-looking frontage of these buildings giving the visitor no idea of the artistic surroundings and charming little shrubbery to be found at the back. Flowers are not cultivated in these gardens, only shrubs and trees, and these are pruned and trimmed to such an extent that they remain in the dwarf state seen in the illustration, while, no matter what



COTTAGE GARDEN AT KIOTO.

size the garden may be, there is always a small pond or running stream with innumerable gold and silver fish, the feeding of which with thin, wafer-like biscuits is a source of much amusement to visitors. The giant pine tree at Lake Beira, near Kioto, is of such enormous proportions and beauty that it is looked upon as sacred by the natives, and a shrine is erected near its trunk, where they can come and offer up their devotions. The trunk of this tree is not much over 20ft. in height, but the branches are of immense length, some of them being considerably over 100ft., and have been trained horizontally and spread out in a circle like a skeleton umbrella. Each branch rests on numerous strong wooden supports about 10ft. high, to prevent them touching the ground, the whole having a most curious and picturesque effect.

E. H. W.



SACRED TREE AT OTSU.

## MR. HARGREAVES'S KENNELS.

TOWARDS the end of last year, on the 18th of November in fact, we gave some illustrations of the famous fox-terriers owned by Mr. Arthur Hargreaves of Eccles. Victor Ludorum was there, a type for the breeder and student to follow, and Dane Dandy and Topthorn, the former remarkable for the correct carriage of his dainty ears, the latter white as the driven snow, and Dane Gallantry, and Dane Flower-girl, with her beautiful head, and Dane Queenie and Dane Vic. Now we show the range of kennels, which in a large measure tell their own tale of perfection. They are substantial, roomy, plainly constructed, absolutely clean. The sun catches them well, the ventilation is excellent; the two stoves are a great comfort when the weather is very cold. Above the kennels of the best dogs amongst a first-class lot are frames containing prize cards without number, and we should not be surprised to hear that more



C. Reid, Wislaw, N.B.

MODEL DOG KENNEL.

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are wanted by now, for the stud dogs are without exception excellent types of the breed.



I.  
HE was not of a melancholy disposition, but he was much given to brooding over his artistic shortcomings. He lived for Art and in Art, and Art treated him exactly as a heartless woman treats a boy who brings his all to her feet. She absorbed and crushed him.

He was utterly unconventional, and had trouble in arriving at technical detail. Yet there burned in him something of the sacred fire. He was a man marked out for critical depreciation, and that because he travelled to his effects by paths that were not the old well-trodden ones, but new, hewn out at first hand and at a magnificent cost of experience and labour.

He painted a picture which lives to-day. It is called "The Inspiration," and the subject is a single figure tense with the glory of a new idea. In the face, I have heard men say, they can read the story of their own personal efforts. Which is synonymous with calling the picture genius.

Art critics found fault with it from many points of view, and the greatest art critic of all objected seriously to the lacing of the sandals, which he said was so egregiously faulty that it eclipsed any merit or meaning the production might have possessed. The picture was sold for two figures to a dealer, and he passed it on for three to a man who later refused £4,000 for it. Meantime the artist, carrying with him the curse of the critical world, slipped out of ken.

Anon came the reaction. Public opinion slowly trampled down the new raw path into the smoothness which permits of the passing of the tender-footed critic. Then "The Inspiration" was bespattered with loud praise. Brodrick the painter was enquired for, but Brodrick the painter was nowhere to be found.

A man answering to his description was reported to have died in beggary in Liverpool. The Press added sombre and well-worn regrets. "Poor Brodrick! he has joined the band of which Keats is the head and front."

A few bewailed him for his art's sake, and the critics raised their voices in eulogising the technical perfection of his work, which was perhaps not the greatest part of it. The man's tragedy had its little boom. It droned into nothingness, yet

Brodrick the lost remained, on the fame of his one picture, a shining planet in the sky of Art.

Such is shortly the history of Sidney Brodrick as it is known to everyone. The sequel was given me to read in living characters, and follows in due course.

I had left the mail at a certain small and unimportant port, and dived with my scanty band of natives into the primeval forest. The district was practically unexplored; what I was doing there is of no consequence.

For days and days we had bored our way worm-like through the gloomy airless density of the forest, and at last on a quiet evening (it was Sunday at home, but all days are alike in those unfathomed depths of growth) we emerged upon a swamp, where in the rainy season long lagoons string themselves out along the river bed.

But as we drew away from the skirts of the forest land it appeared to me as if the world had aged since last I looked upon its face three weeks before. The time was towards the close of the dry season, and all was stale and withered. Grey scummy pools broke the foreshores of the river, which itself had dwindled to a mean stream in a spread of black and caking mud. Silence and heat lay heavy-handed there.

In England it was the hour of church bells and the long blue cool summer evening. I tramped on at the head of my small party, dreaming listlessly of home and feeling lonely and remote. At length we picked up the edge of a shrunken lagoon, at the further end of which gleamed a deeper pool. Skirting along it we came suddenly upon a man's dwelling-place.

I shouted.

At the noise something dived from a thicket of reeds, breaking the oily glare of the lagoon into long ripples that quaked themselves into peace on the verge.

I shouted again.

The small wattle hut was humped against a background of sunset, the whole scene iridescent with a thousand delicate colours.

We were now come very near, and the place continued deadly still. Once more I broke the silence with a shout.

This time there was an answer in a cracked high scream,



and a figure appeared in the doorway—a man naked to the waist and sun-blackened, with wild eyes peering out at us from a wilderness of hair.

"Hullo!" I called.

"I'm mad—mad—mad!" ejaculated the figure hoarsely, "possessed of a legion of devils! Mad—mad, you know—went so when I buried Arroga!" he laughed, clinging to the doorpost and laughing again.

The horror of the thing held us dumb. When I found my voice I said:

"Mad? Nonsense! You have fever and nerves—that's all! You can't wonder at that, seeing where you've stranded yourself. In a month you'll be all right and on your way back to England."

"England? I? I don't want to go! No, no, I'm happy here with the moon for company by night and the stars by day. Big purple stars staring out in a great dull-red sky, overhung by the nakedness of space! And Arroga's soul comes to me—he had a soul, you know—whining and talking in the lurid nights. Go away, I say!"

But I only asked for permission to camp near by for the night, hoping he might show himself in a more reasonable mood by morning.

"Yes, stay with me—stay to-night," his fever-struck brain vacillating with my words. Then he pulled me closer. "I'm afraid of the nights when there is no moon. Sometimes the darkness is a mouth—waiting! Sometimes it has black velvet hands gripping and feeling round the hut." He shivered and laughed woefully, with an apeish twisting of the features. Then his eyes changed, and he looked hard at me, and man-thoughts lit up his face. "Sorry"—he spoke in a changed tone, and with evident difficulty now—"I hardly know what I've been saying. I'm shaky, you see—malaria, and that kind of thing. Forgive me; it's very lonesome since Arroga died—he came with me—long, long ago. Come in."

## II.

I made my men camp close by, and I myself proposed to share the sick man's hut. He was wrung with fever and needed tendance. Through his delirium ran the broken story of his sufferings. How the days and the nights had passed over him with the roar of a train passing through a tunnel, and the turmoil beat in upon his brain until it was bruised and tender, and he prayed for rest. But there was no respite; thousands of thoughts with little trampling feet swarmed upon him, until his head quivered in the agony of over-use.

"And Arroga—what of him?" I asked.

"Don't you know?" muttered the sick man feebly; "he's dead. He didn't go away with the rest; he was a poor, stupid creature, but he would not leave me here alone. And then he sickened, too—he struggled for his life—yes, he struggled—of course it was useless, because"—he raised himself upon his elbows and stared about him nervously with flaming eyes as he whispered, "because *she* was there."

He sank down again. I involuntarily glanced back over my shoulder.

"Arroga died—died in the swamp and left me alone with her. About that time something seemed to give way"—he held his head between his hands—"here, I think. Hush, hush! They'll hear you. Round and round and round they fly! *She* sends them. Where are you? I can't see you."

And this was how the night passed. He raved continually, but I could gather nothing definite as to why he had come to that God-forsaken place. Before morning he slept, and with the light awoke sane and collected enough.

The hut was tumble-down, and on the floor the black mud of the soil had broken into an ankle-deep dust. My host was full of apologies.

"I have not many visitors, you see," he said, with a pathetic jocularly. "As far as I remember, you're the first, and I've been here"—he pressed his forehead—"a long time. I've lost count of days and weeks; sometimes I fancy I have lost count of years, too. Come, you shall tell me how the world is wagging, the world I once thought would miss me," he laughed painfully—"but I know better, much better now."

This conversation took place at the rather hollow ceremony of breakfast. For food we levied toll upon the natural products of the district—rainbow-hued fish from the lagoon, and the fat, pulpy fruit of the tropics. To these I added whisky and a wild duck I had shot, besides biscuit. My companion spoke little, and the world of which he did speak was the world of five years ago. I let my tongue wander among the subsequent events and happenings. He sat and listened with clenched hands and something not far removed from anguish upon his face. The more I observed him the more I laid the blame of his desperate exile upon some woman. He was a man with a strange charm of his own, one who had been lovable once in those old days which had either sinned against him cruelly or given him some vital disillusionment. He avoided all reference to the past as regarded himself.

I urged him to return with me to the coast, and to this he consented. As soon as he picked up a little strength we were to start upon our homeward march.

"Five years have passed since I came here," he said, after a long silence, "and yet I am always seeing something new. I cannot exhaust the forms and colours Nature wears in this single spot. How can one man master all her revelations? Sunset and sunrise, and the moon when the quivering air seems full of powdered glass. And the nights—the moonrise"—he stopped abruptly and a troubled dimness covered his eyes—"then I dream," he ended uncertainly.

To this I answered in a dull, practical way that I wondered he should have chosen a place so obviously unhealthy.

"When I came here I never noticed that," he said simply. "My mind was full of other things. There seemed to me much here which few before had seen and none knew by heart. I came to learn."

"Then you had better go and give the world the benefit of your knowledge," I said, half banteringly; the man's mental condition was such I hardly dared touch him with serious speech. "You've been here quite long enough. You have fever, and from the look of you, you have had it a long time."

He was gazing at me in a puzzled kind of way, and I noticed a subtle change in his expression. The border line between sanity and delirium was perilously thin; he overstepped it a hundred times a day, while the fever raged in his drying veins.

"Yes," he cried eagerly, after a pause, "I have fever. I have it badly, but I work better when I have fever."

"Work?"

"Yes, you know I paint. I have tried to paint for many years—tried to paint the thing as I saw it. But I didn't succeed somehow, although when alone, as I looked at my finished pictures, I could have sworn they reflected truth, and truth only. But I was wrong—quite wrong!"

He lay in dejected silence for a long time, then rambled away into disconnected sentences.

I gave him nourishment and remedies to the best of my knowledge, and it almost seemed as the days went by that he was gaining ground. He moaned and muttered less and slept better. But with gaining strength a strange reticence grew upon him. He avoided all reference to himself or his past, and yet I felt that his was no inherent reserve, but the reserve born of a wounded spirit.

The rains broke early that season, earlier than I had counted upon. First a few days of hot puffing breezes with long sweltering lulls between, through which one continued to breathe only by an effort. Then in a terrific burst of storm the rain fell. No downpour of close-set, heavy lines, but a solid mass of water tumbling from the clouds.

All the night through, huddled in a corner, he habbled incessantly, yet never for a moment lost consciousness of my presence.

"When the light comes, the moonlight—moonlight and fever are great aids—I will paint again. You are blind, you know, as I was when I came. You see nothing. God! man! there are terrible scenes in the valley of fever! *She* is there. Fever materialised, a pale woman, young, cruel, and beautiful, with deep eyes shining and red lips. She stoops—stoops over the dying and laughs low—so low that it is like the wind stirring. And the poor human thing she has stricken gasps and battles for failing life, and she sucks away his breath with kisses. She was there when Arroga died. We were out in the moon, she on one side of the dying, I on the other, and I took sketches of her.

"By cruelty deaf as a fire  
And blind as the night."

I'll show you those sketches some time. No one has seen that face but me."

I had contrived a light, but it burned feebly in the heavy damp of the atmosphere. Still, by its means I could keep some sort of watch upon my companion.

"Then Arroga died," he went on presently, "and I saw her no more for a time. But one night as I lay here she came again. She came in the dark. I saw her, for a pale light fell all around her, like the shining of sick men's eyes—thousands and thousands of burning sleepless eyes. Yes, she came again—for me this time, and she used to break my sleep, so that I took to sketching things, and when she glanced away I would draw her face, dark and bloodless and beautiful, and her pale white hands. But she knew, and she laughed low till my ears tingled at the sound and—"

The man was silent on a sudden, yet his lips moved with voiceless words. Some harmony of inspiration wandered in his brain perhaps, and his lips moved to its music.

"I have the sketches for that picture, my great picture that will be," he whispered, dragging his weak limbs nearer me. "The background, a grey pool with crawling things upon the scum—you can't see them, only you know they are there—and drifted over with fever-mist. It is her home; this pale woman, she waits there, lovely as a she-devil, for those who pass by. No one has ever done anything like that picture because no one

knows. Once they said I had striven to paint that of which I knew nothing. But now I know, and not one other living soul beside!"

He brooded upon the thought a while, a strange rapture on his face. "It is alone and mine!—that picture which must stand and blaze matchless in the world. I will paint it when I reach England again, and people will stop before it and thrill with the wonder and the nearness of it. And that picture will be mine! I have paid for it—for my right to paint it in sickness, in terror, and in the loneliness of the damned!"

His earnestness was awful.

I made some common-place remark as he seemed to wait for an answer. "No," he shook his head, "I am not overwrought. Only loneliness and dreams have enlightened my eyes to see the phantoms that haunt the world."

### III.

It was a palsied earth, palsied and dripping with continuous rain. By day the sick man lay on his back half asleep and half awake, by night he raved.

Altogether it seemed to me that he was very nearly broken, and his fancy had turned into a new channel.

"Take me away," he would moan at intervals, "take me away from this accursed place. I stifle here, take me away! See, the very colours are wrong," pointing outside where, under the level evening light, the sodden spread of swamp was patched with vivid unwholesome green.

From appearances I imagined we were about to have a break in the rains, of which I had resolved to take due advantage by beginning our return march to the coast.

"To-morrow," I said; "we will move on to-morrow!"

He seemed to grow easier at the promise, and as the darkness came on he dropped into dozing fitfully.

It was a dreadful night; the sky drooped above us close as a dish-cover, the ground beneath steamed with clamminess and chill. Marsh exhalations made the air foul. In the midst of it all I slept.

When I woke night was still at its deepest, but a late moon streamed in across the floor. I turned and looked towards the place where my companion had been lying. It was empty, save for an uncouth spider.

I sprang up and ran out. Under the low moon nothing stirred. The cessation of the swamp noises had in it something weird and awful. I seemed to hear far-off echoes not of this world.

It was a ghastly moon; within its circle of pallid light wild and ravening terror moved abroad. The hour was one of influences.

I looked across the lagoon. It was ashift with moonlight, the dark trees written black upon its surface.

At one side the camp lay stirless in its tired slumber. I thought of rousing the men, but at the instant a suggestion struck me almost as if it had been spoken in my ear aloud.

There was another pool up the river, a pool coated with festering scum and bubbles, which in my mind had somehow come to represent the scene of Arroga's death and my poor friend's vision. With an unreasoning certainty that I should find him there, I started towards it, finding my way as quickly as I was able round beds of reed and treacherous morass. But since the rains the place had become unrecognisable. The lagoons had extended on all sides, swallowing up their daughter pools as the water rose.

Feeling foolishly thrown out by these changes, which at any other time I should have been prepared for, I stopped at a point where the water touched the foot of an open bank and looked round.

To my relief I saw my man at a little distance. He was walking and stumbling up and down, a ragged spectre of despair. I called to him, and he stood still waiting for me to come up, yet he did not, I believe, so much as see me.

As I came abreast of him he shambled away towards a clump of low-growing shrubs; amongst the twisted branches of one of them he had propped up the end of a packing-case, much as a canvas is set upon an easel, and in the strengthening light of the moon I could make out a face painted upon it. I could use many words to describe that face, but unless a man had looked upon it with his own eyes he could by no means imagine it.

Marvellous in its beautiful malignancy, it seemed to overpower the senses. At one moment it was all glorious beauty, at the next evil submerged its loveliness.

He began to work upon it, talking wildly as he worked.

"You laugh"—his brush flickered over the surface—"as you have often laughed. I had no canvas, no paper, nothing left to me. You laboured to defeat me. You drowned away the pool out of my sight, but it is cut in upon my memory. And now you are here—here, your very self, my Fever Queen!"

The moonless half of the night made a background, and against it the lagoon, with its white reflected light, aided the moonbeams.

"I have won you to my brush after all," his tongue ran wildly on. "Your image is mine. And I shall be famous! Everyone will look at you—at you! I have despaired for many days, but I should have known that you could not evade me at the last!"

He staggered as he ended, and caught at the branch to steady himself.

"You say I am dying? Then let me die. You may kill me, but I have won! I am immortal with your immortality here." He raised his arm towards the picture, and I caught him as he sank slowly to the ground.

I carried him back to the hut somehow, but in that obstinate swoon he lay all the day through until evening. Then I could not hide from myself that he was dying. I gave him stimulant, and as he began to find power he spoke.

"I'm ebbing out," he said, "and there is one thing I must ask of you."

It was evident he was now in full possession of his senses. I told him I would do all he wished.

"Bury me here and forget you have ever seen me."

To this I demurred, recalling his picture to his mind, the picture I had left overnight by the lagoon. But he shook his head wearily.

"Too late," he said. "My cunning has gone. She—I almost fancy she is real sometimes." He smiled faintly. "She has robbed me of all—health and mind, and the cunning of my right hand. No, bury it with me, the picture as nameless as the painter who created it."

I urged him no more, this broken man, and he, reading the pity in my face perhaps, panted slowly on:

"Once I dreamed of God knows what fame! I would not be denied. I have toiled, and I have followed Art into the portals of Death, but they've been too quick for me, and have caught me in the gate. Leave me my picture, it is all I have. I made many sketches, but you will not find them now; this climate destroys all things, from life downwards. Fame, you say? Oh, God, I so wanted fame! I lived for fame! I never doubted really but that I should get it some day—and now!" the man sobbed. I was moved out of the common, and I said more of the wonderful picture I had seen than I can remember.

"Fame! you tempt me," he whispered, weak and eager. "It would have been dear to me to know I had won it even when I was dead! But no, no! You don't know the past, you have not felt my shame. Once I painted a picture and the critics laughed at it. And I had painted it with my heart's blood!" He waited, as if the remembrance suffocated him. "I left England. I had believed in myself and been mistaken, and the cancer of it ate into me. Now you understand?"

I told him that I understood, but that he had banished himself most cruelly.

"I wanted to hide myself," the thin voice resumed; "hide myself until I had attained knowledge and master-craft. I wanted to gain local colour, and the local colour gained me," he laughed hoarsely. "Now do you not see why you cannot take my new picture home? I could not endure to have my name banded about again with sneers when I am dead. Leave me to my lost art and my nameless grave."

I could only say I wished he would let me do differently.

"What would you write above me? 'Here lies Sidney Brodrick, who dreamed of a National Funeral. Fool!'"

I started.

"The name of your picture—what was it?" I asked.

"You will never have heard of it. It adorns some servant's bedroom, I expect. It was called 'The Inspiration.'"

"'The Inspiration'! Why, man," I cried, "you are famous! Last year five thousand pounds was paid for your picture by the nation. Your name is amongst the great names of the land."

But Sidney Brodrick, new-found, was on the Borderland.

"Famous?" he whispered, and again, "famous?"

Then he lay so long silent with closed eyes that I began to fear he had known too late. But after a time he smiled, and I saw that all was well.

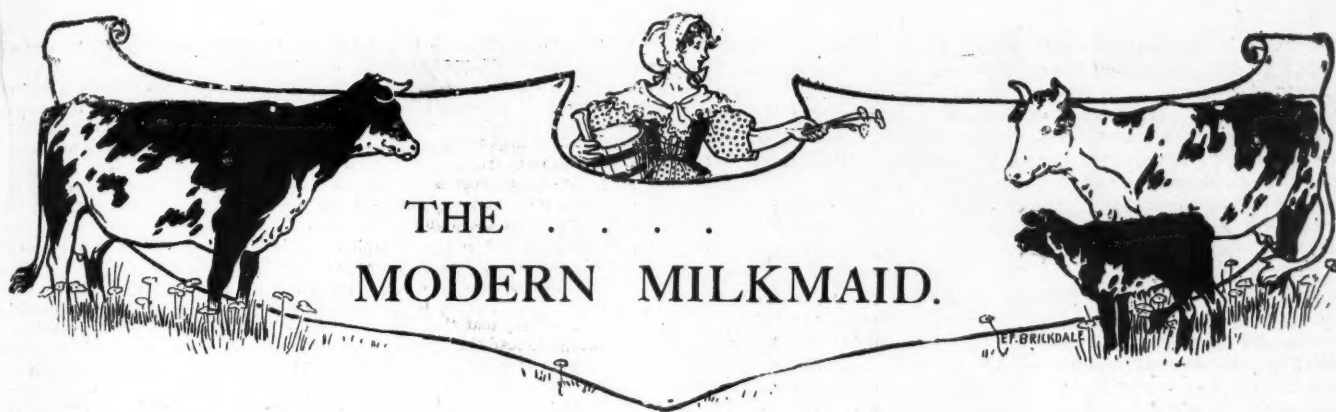
"I will take your last picture," I said; "you cannot refuse to grant me that now. When I get home I will show it to all the world. It will make a fitting Omega to your Alpha of 'The Inspiration.'"

He smiled again.

"They throng the rooms," he said suddenly; "they say it is false, immoral, degrading to Art." In mind he was back in that long-past bitter day of humiliation. "Yet when Time has hallowed the work it takes its own place. See them passing with a stare! 'What meaning has it?' 'None!'"

"So they talk under the skylights and move on. Better to follow the worn groove and spill common tints in the well-worn way upon some subject staled by use. The critic comes, you look for his judgment with a throb—he only laughs at that which you have given a life to create! Laughter and gibes—they have been long in my heart, but now above and beyond I hear the thunder and the tumult of a higher applause."





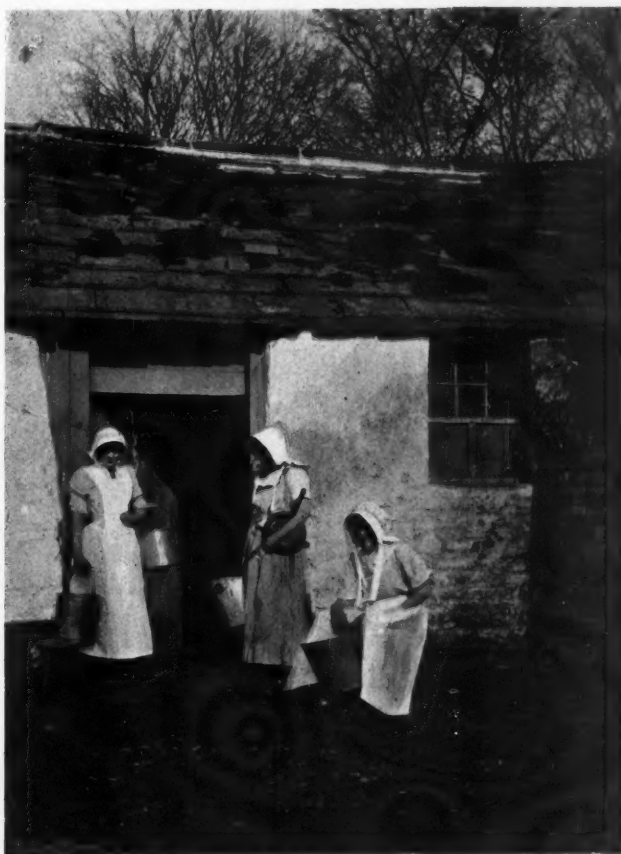
It is safe to assume that our readers will not be divided in opinion with regard to the charming photographs we are able to reproduce for them. They represent certain scenes in the education given at the Lady Warwick Hostel at Reading. What is even more interesting, they mark a great change in the history of dairy-work. It began about 1885, when Lord Vernon established his butter factory at Sudbury, and the late Lord Fitzhardinge started another at Berkeley. All honour to them as pioneers, but they did not fully understand modern science and modern requirements. They did not see that the future of English butter demanded, as it were, the invention—or at any rate the training and teaching—of a new kind of dairy-maid. Not that we altogether condemn the girl of the past. She was good enough for her time. Speckless purity was as characteristic of the best dairies of the past as it is of those of to-day, and Bonnie Mary, Hetty, Nan, or Dorothy, either at the churn or the milking stool, always presented a clean and glad appearance, if one may judge from their mention in old song—"She singeth blythe," "Her bonny voice rang over the tops of the knowes." But she was not well educated and her methods were traditional, and she was choke-full of superstition. If butter did not come, she was sure the cream was bewitched, and threw into it a silver coin, or tried some other equally potent spell to get rid of the evil spirit. Then, again, customers used to be far more indulgent than now. If the butter tasted of turnips it was enough for the farmer's wife to explain that other feed had run short, and to lay the blame on the weather. And so rich and poor had to make the best of it. If the butter was not all that could be desired, they nevertheless knew that they could not get better. When things began to change, and the grocer made fresh Brittany butter a feature in his shop window, the farmer

did not trouble. The milk trade, with its ready cash and immediate returns, was growing, and so home-made butter was neglected, till it almost passed out of the shops and gave way to Danish and colonial. Customers soon grew fastidious when, at a moderate price and of uniform quality, meadow butter could be purchased throughout the year. It is very recently, indeed, that any real effort has been made to present English butter in the clean, attractive shape of that which comes from abroad.

The deplorable pass to which the dairy industry in this kingdom arrived was not without compensating advantage to young ladies fond of country life and desirous of entering upon



AT THE PUMP.



GOING A-MILKING.

a useful career. It was obvious that if scientific intelligence was to take the place of superstition, the old dairymaid Nan, with her magic coins and her belief in witchcraft, must go. Those who took her place no longer seek for a charm or spell if the butter does not come—they go and look at the thermometer. In other words, they go through a course of training, which enables them not only to adopt the most approved methods but to connect cause and effect. They know that nothing goes wrong without a reason, and that ill-flavoured butter must originate in one of two ways—either from bad feeding and treatment of the cow, or carelessness in the dairy. They do not go by rule-of-thumb, tradition, and superstition, but by intelligence. But all this means an amount of study not dreamt of in the old time, not possible indeed to milkmaids of the old school. The dairy of to-day is controlled by ladies of a different class, of which those photographed are typical examples. Before coming to Lady Warwick's Hostel at all, they have received the education afforded by the best middle and upper class schools. Most of it, however, has been derived from books. At Reading, the

education is physical as well as mental. The three pictures which we give show what they have to do. In one the maids are GOING A-MILKING, and even if in after days, when theory is carried into practice, they employ labour for this task, it is most advantageous for them to know how to milk. That is the only way to teach them what a sensitive creature a cow is, and that profit and success depend largely upon understanding this, and acting in accordance with the knowledge. Again, only those who have examined large herds of cows milked by labourers will believe how much injury is done by rough and careless handling.

AT THE PUMP and IN THE DAIRY we see them making ready for the arduous task of cleaning up. They look so jolly, as almost to produce the impression that it is only fun, but we trust no idle maiden will be misled by their appearance. We can assure any such damsel that, although there is nothing assumed in the general happiness of these faces, the tubs, mops, and pails are far from being mere stage properties—they have to be used, and used vigorously.

Every girl in the hostel is aware that when her overall is donned it is meant that she should work. Nor is it in the dairy alone; she must hoe and dig in the garden,



IN THE DAIRY.

and attend to the small live stock of the curtilage as well. But, as the old song says, "Work is light when hearts are gay," and these young ladies are learning in the pleasantest manner to be of service to their country. Some, no doubt, will teach, and some will manage great dairies, and no small number, let us hope, will have a place of their own, where they will produce butter, cheese, eggs, poultry, and other products of an English homestead—in all things setting to their neighbours a much-needed example of the most economical, lucrative, and scientific method of carrying on *la petite culture*. These young ladies ought to have a very useful future before them, and will be a rejuvenating element in our decayed villages.



**R**EADERS will remember a very curious printer's error to which attention was called in the review appearing in COUNTRY LIFE of "Robert Orange," that striking work of Mrs. Craigie which is calling forth so many contradictory expressions of opinion. Somehow or other a whole long sentence was omitted from the vital letter of Mr. Disraeli with which the book ends, and it is really rather difficult to see how such a mistake could have been made. Easier to understand, but more unpardonable, is the manner in which Miss Cholmondeley, the author of "Red Pottage," has been used by the American printers and publishers. The novel, we learn, "had to be printed from proofs which the author had not revised." Why? one wonders. The result is that Miss Cholmondeley has been "slated" by the American reviewers for faults which do not appear in the

English editions of her work, and it is cruelly hard upon Miss Cholmondeley that she should have been placed in such a position.

When a man in the position of Mr. S. R. Crockett writes a whole pamphlet about a firm of makers of photographic apparatus, and that "without request on their part," one is bound to believe him, and to recognise that the apparatus of which he sings the praises must be something very much out of the common; and this is what Mr. Crockett has done for Messrs. Newman and Guardia. The resulting pamphlet is one of the most brilliant and amusing of unsolicited testimonials that ever was penned, which is entitled "A Romancer's Local Colour," and the argument is that for certain classes of memory there is no memorandum equal to a photograph, and this is the kind of way in which with the help of some very good blocks the lesson is impressed:

"As for my own work, I have now had many stories not only illustrated but even suggested by pictures which I have taken with my precious 'N. and G.' I do not say that they were good stories—though the public appeared willing enough to read them—any more than I dare call my prints 'pictures' for fear of my good friend Mr. Joseph Pennell, who, truncheon in hand, is waiting round the corner to catch me in the act. All the same, I would not accept a considerable sum for my collection of some 6,000 'records' taken in half a score of countries—few of them in large towns or of buildings which have been photographed before, but of highways and byways, of land-thieves and water-thieves, Portuguese muleteers, Iberian shepherds, naked Berber children playing under the scanty edge-wise shade of palms—a thousand types of human folk and a thousand nooks and corners of landscape never before set down by the quick pencil of the sun."

Very witty, too, is Mr. Crockett's account of his memory: "From my youth up, then, I have been the possessor of a memory which, remarkable enough in its way, is yet at times inconvenient, and even sufficiently exasperating. Not that I have ever knowingly 'cultivated' it by any of the thousand systems which have come into vogue during the last twenty years. I never set it a single task with the intention of strengthening its fibre. Like my compeers at school and college, I learned no more than I could help. I never could get anything accurately 'by heart' all the days of me. It is a sheer impossibility for me to 'quote correctly'—as a distinguished critic says every gentleman ought to be able to do. What is of infinitely less moment is that I cannot recall any couplet or line of prose I have ever written."

So far as I am able to follow the letter on the Irish language which Mr. George Moore has addressed to the *Times*, he argues that the Irish language ought to be made the vehicle of education in the Irish-speaking districts of Ireland, because the English language is fated to become the language of commerce only, and it is upon the little languages that we must rely for the literature of the future. The English language, it appears, has lost its freshness. Concerning all this there is, apparently, room for two opinions, but most people will probably agree that he English tongue, that of Chaucer, and Shakespeare, and Dryden, and Ruskin, is good enough for them, and that this attempt to revive the "ould ancient" Irish language by purely artificial means is an entire mistake.

"I trow not, for these shams signed Tennyson are already dead, and not dead only but damned—damned to the infernal deeps—with Erebus and Tortures vile also." "That mass of half-inspired, half-realised, half uttered and wholly perfunctory and futile gabble which—some noble passages apart—is Browning." These are two passages from Mr. Henley's "Ex Libris" in the *Pall-Mall Magazine*, and they are certainly in frantically bad taste. From the literary point of view they are inaccurate and exaggerated, for some of Tennyson is immortal, and Browning is treated far too harshly. But there is the other point of view too. Tennyson and Robert Browning have not long departed from our midst. Their friends and their relatives are amongst us still. Why in the name of common decency should Mr. Henley, simply because he has got Byron on the brain and is desirous of extolling his hero, trample upon the feelings of those who have loved other poets for their poems or as men and women? Manners, it seems to me, are sadly to seek in literary journalism when this kind of stuff is printed.

Here is a verse from "Marksman's" new Polo Song, on which the music has been composed by M. Francois Cellier, and rattling and galloping music it is, so that one seems to hear the thud of hoofs and the crash of sticks alluded to in the verse:

"I sing of the sport of polo,  
A game of war and strife,  
Where crashing sticks and ringing ball  
Stir up the pulse of life,  
Where horsemen ride, and wheel, and turn,  
Like swallow on the wing;  
So, praising the game of polo,  
We'll make the rafters ring."

The autumn publishing season should be a good one, for, according to the *Academy*, the cream of it will be "The Soft Side," by Henry James; "In the Palace of the King," by Marion Crawford; "Quisante," by Anthony Hope; "Richard Yea and Nay," by Maurice Hewlett; "Cunning Murrell," by Arthur Morrison; "A Master of Craft," by W. W. Jacobs; "Sons of the Morning," by Eden Phillpotts; "The Gateless Barrier," by Lucas Malet; "Zuleika Hobson," by Max Beerbohm. Having regard to the kindly tendency of modern reviewers, I should not be surprised to see that cream produce a good deal of butter.

Hearty congratulations to Mr. Murray, for the "Compleat Bachelor," the first volume of his half-crown series, has also been a Compleat Success, inasmuch that the *Athenaeum* is moved to suspect that some other and more famous personality lurks behind the signature "Oliver Onions." But the writer is really just Oliver Onions, and a very good writer too.

Very timely too is the appearance of the first volume of Mr. Unwin's





W. A. Rouch.

ECLIPSE STAKES: THE CANTER.

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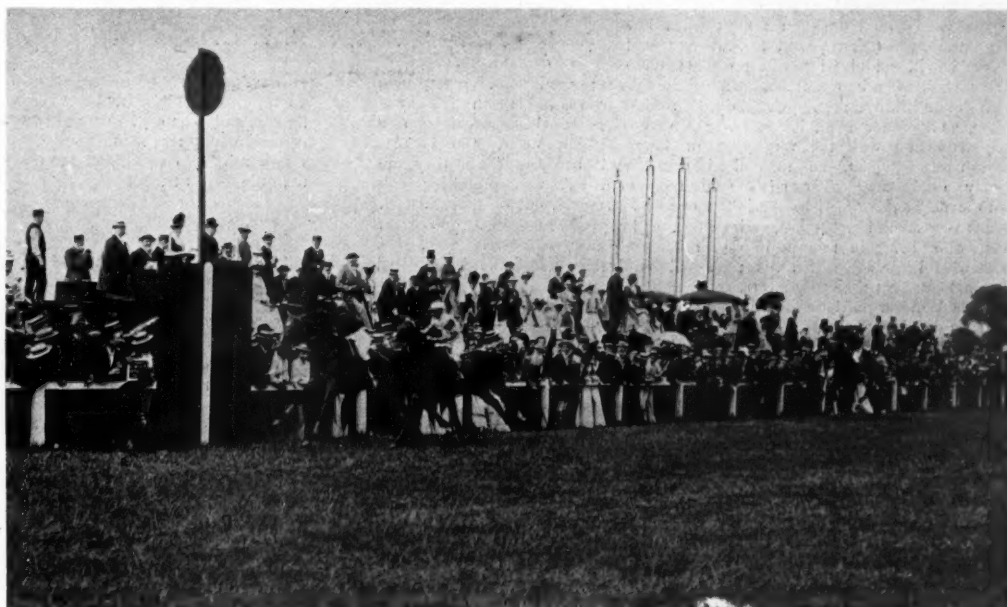
Over-seas Library, entitled, "Among the Man-eaters," and consisting of a series of lively South Sea stories by Mr. John Gaggin. As for the form of the volume, it is light and strongly bound, suitable for the loose pocket of a man careless of his clothes. For the object, it cannot be set forth better than in the words of the preface: "The aim of 'The Over-seas Library' is purely experimental. It proposes to print literature from any quarter that deals with the actual life of the English outside England, whether of colonial life or the life of English emigrants, travellers, traders, officers, over-seas, among foreign and native races, black or white. Pictures of life in the American States will not necessarily be excluded. 'The Over-seas Library' makes no pretence at Imperial drum-beating, or putting English before colonial opinion. It aims, instead, at getting the atmosphere and outlook of the new peoples recorded, if such is possible. It aims at being an interchange between all parts of the Empire without favour, an interchange of records of the life of the English-speaking peoples, and of the Englishmen beyond seas, however imperfect, fragmentary, and modest such records or accounts may be." May this enterprise flourish.

Books to order from the library:

- "For Britain's Soldiers." Various authors. (Methuen.)  
 "The Shield of His Honour." R. H. Savage. (White.)  
 "The Priest's Marriage." Norah Vynne. (Burleigh.)  
 "Paris of the Parisians." J. F. Macdonald. (Richards.)  
 "The Girl with Feet of Clay." E. Turner. (Long.)

W. A. Rouch.

LOOKER-ON.



DIAMOND JUBILEE WINS.

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and as Diamond Jubilee had to concede 10lb. on Friday at Sandown, those who cannot or will not understand the influence of the wind in racing thought Chevening should this time win. As a matter of fact Diamond Jubilee had the race in safe keeping throughout, and won with something in hand by half a length, and I doubt not if they were to meet at 14lb. the result would still be the same. Curiously enough, though the Prince and Princess of Wales were present, there was comparatively little cheering. We are getting used to the Prince's victories, and people were too hot to be energetic. Very different was the applause which greeted Orme the first time he won this race. It was his first public appearance after being poisoned, and he was still light and weak—nothing like at his best. It was the knowledge of this that appealed to the sympathies of all spectators alike when the gallant son of Ormonde struggled with such desperate gameness to avert defeat that he just battled Orvieto out of the race and fairly reeled past the post a winner. Then everyone went mad, and there was not a soul in the members' enclosure who did not cheer heartily.

As to the St. Leger, however, I may repeat that Diamond Jubilee's Eclipse victory does not make much change in his prospects. A dangerous opponent in Winifreda has presumably been removed from his path by her unfortunate tendency to break blood.



W. A. Rouch.

PROMENADING AT SANDOWN PARK.

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vessels, but Disguise II. remains, and he is not touched by the Eclipse running. That he was cast in his box some little time ago, and consequently prevented from going to the post for the Princess of Wales's Stakes, is a matter of common knowledge, but he is all right again now, and it will be nothing against him that he has not been racing on the hard ground during this summer. His trainer can give him a steady, careful preparation for his Doncaster engagement, and it is quite on the cards for him to win. At any rate, I believe S. Darling has no slight hope of achieving such a result, and he well knows how to train a Leger horse.

Mr. James R. Keene, the owner of Disguise II., is still in England, and would be doubly gratified to see the colt win, for not only did he himself breed the son of Domino and Bonnie Gal, but he also owned Domino, and won with him many of the best races in America. Mr. Keene was much grieved when Domino, who was a great favourite of his, died after only two stud seasons. That he would have been a very successful stallion there can be little doubt, for he has a right good two year old to his credit in Running Stream, besides the three year old Disguise II.

The big two year old race at Sandown showed Star Shoot to be presumably the best of the year up to the present, though there is no line by which the form of Toddington can be measured. As Star Shoot finished two lengths in front of the Limosa colt, he is clearly in front of Veles and Doricles, who beat the unnamed one by no more than a neck when they ran a dead-heat at Newmarket. Still, there cannot be much in it, and it is far from improbable that the Limosa colt when he ran at Sandown had not fully recovered from his severe races at Ascot and Newmarket. Certainly, Star Shoot can hold his own with any of his generation for good looks, being a very powerful chestnut colt of rare symmetry and with the very best of limbs. Like Veles, who is also a son of Isinglass, he runs dead game, and between them they are firmly establishing their sire's stud reputation. A very promising colt who made his *début* at Sandown is the one by Florizel II. out of Red Enamel. He is very much like his sire, and will not be long before he wins a good race. Ian, who, being in receipt of glib., ran a dead-heat with Star Shoot, is a somewhat leggy son of St. Serf; he will hardly beat the Florizel II.—Red Enamel colt next time they meet.

At Windsor on Saturday this week Sir Edgar Vincent should win the July Handicap with Stoccardo, who ran prominently behind La Roche for the Manchester Cup, and may now be somewhat more forward than he was then. Then comes next week and we go on to Goodwood, where for our sins it has been ordained that tall hats are to be worn this year. Greater nonsense could not be. The wearing of tall hats and frock-coats while we are endeavouring to enjoy sport is simply a barbarous custom similar to that which



Rouch. THE WINNER AND HIS TRAINER AFTER THE RACE. Copyright

However, starting where they do for the six furlongs at Goodwood, the field on the right has a vastly better chance than the left wing, which is down in a hollow, and has to gallop up hill for the first 100yds. or more. Thus the race is more of a lottery than most races are, and if I suggest that Mount Prospect may win it, I do so without the remotest idea of advising anyone to risk more than the merest trifle on any such contingency.

OUTPOST.

## From the Pavilion.

HAVING wound up last week's notes by a gird at the practice of stealing one run when one has made 99 honestly, with the sole motive of reaching the total of 100, I cannot refrain from remarking that the moral has been pointed and the tale adorned pat on the word Bosanquet, playing for Middlesex *v.* Leicestershire, and having made 99, endeavoured to run a short one, called Trott, and ran him out, Trott

generously sacrificing his wicket. I am not blaming Bosanquet, whom I regard as the victim of a common epidemic against which all cricketers should be inoculated early in their career, but I do humbly submit that when a batsman has made 99 he will not have long to wait before he gets a ball off which he can be sure of scoring with safety, in which happy event his side will be enriched by the run or runs, and a good man's cricket life will not have been risked. The worst of the offence is that it seems now to be a part of the cricketer's creed to run a short run at a crisis, and the non-striker is almost expected to take a risk to enable the striker either to save his "duck" or his "spectacles" or to reach his 50 or his 100. A plague on such a creed, say I! I had almost forgotten to note that Hayward scored 99 not out against Essex the other day, losing his century too because his partner, last man in, wished to run an impossible run to get Hayward the figures he coveted. With two such cases occurring so close together, we may hope in the near future to see someone try to secure his century with a legitimate "fourer." The match between the Gentlemen and Players is dealt with elsewhere, but one point I should like to make—the narrow majority by which the Players won each match, runs being cheap those days. The aggregates were 1,073 and 1,274, and the Players' majorities were practically the same, 37 runs and two wickets. This is

close fighting with a vengeance. In the two games the sides were very different, but Abel and Hayward took part in them both with wonderful success; thus Abel scored 158 not out, 2, 30, and 98, his average being 96; Hayward made 22, 94, 8, and 111, with an average of 58, but he had no "not out" to help him. As batsmen Carpenter, Jones, and Trott failed twice; nor did Townsend, Jessop, and Jephson do much. As to the bowling—well, too many runs were made to



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A SEA OF STRAW HATS AT SANDOWN PARK.

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prevailed when tall hats were *de rigueur* in the cricket-field. There can be little or no doubt that a time will come when the wearing of such monstrosities as tall hats will be looked back upon with amazement and ridicule. The Stewards' Cup at Goodwood is run for upon Tuesday, and at the time of writing there is a strong disposition to back the Kingsclere colt, Elopement, who is, however, too small, in my opinion, to win a race of this description.



produce any sensational analysis, but J. Gunn did really well at the Oval. The meeting between Yorkshire and Lancashire, both sides starting with an identical record, almost resembled a test-match in respect of the interest it excited, for even the fact that it was Mold's benefit can hardly of itself have called forth so vast a crowd of people. The match was regarded as being probably decisive of the championship, counting two on a division to the successful of the undefeated counties. As in the first game, in which Yorkshire had the best position, rain interfered sadly, befriending neither faction, and honours seemed easy till Yorkshire in its second innings had lost five wickets for but 47 runs. An opportune stand-by Wainwright here saved the day, but Lancashire had quite the best of the draw, so that on the two meetings the counties may cry quits.

I remember the days when 50 was accounted a fine score and 100 was a marvel. "W. G." rectified this, so that hundreds became common and two hundreds a feat to be craved; the double century was almost unknown. As cricket is now played, the double century is getting almost common-place, for has not R. E. Foster achieved the feat three times in two years, with power to add

to his number, while Bosanquet and Fry have each done the same thing during the same week-end? To Fry the experience is not novel, for he has been through it before, besides making 99 and a century in the same game, but useful bat as Bosanquet is, his 136 and 139 was a little startling; and I venture to offer him the amplest of congratulations on his big performance and on winning a much-needed victory for his and my county, which has of late been at low-water mark; the victory over Leicestershire was hardly a surprise, but the scoring of 304 runs in the fourth innings, with only five wickets down, was a fine feat. Fry is now at his very best, and to make, on the top of many long innings, 135 and 229 in one match was truly great. Amid all this big scoring (I am perforce unable to quote all figures and all names), it is refreshing to read that Bradley did the hat trick against Somerset. One word on Gunn's 94 against Gloucestershire; he is usually called a dull bat, but he is, when the mood is on him, as dashing as Jessop, and the way he walked down the broken pitch and helped himself to fours off the slow bowlers fairly astonished those who only knew him in his milder moods.

W. J. FORD.



## AT THE THEATRE

SINCE last week no new production has been ventured in London theatres, nor is there much likelihood of anything original being seen before the end of the last week in August. Beyond that date there lies a great promised

land of new plays, and if the expectations that are now being awakened by the busy managers and ambitious authors are but fairly realised, a particularly interesting autumn theatrical season will be reached in the shortening days, and, let us hope, cooler nights.

THE great majority of the theatres devoted to plays without music are closed for the present. The exceptions are the Avenue, Criterion, Comedy, Great Queen Street, Vaudeville, and the Garrick. The last-named closes to-night, after which Mrs. Leslie Carter and the other members of the American company that have made such a hit in "Zaza" return to New York. The other five theatres mentioned may possibly keep going through the summer, for the fare provided at each of them is light, and eminently suitable to the warm weather.

AT the Gaiety, Daly's, Savoy, Shaftesbury, and Lyric, where musical plays are to be seen and heard, no notice of any summer holiday has yet gone forth, but a continuance of excessive heat will bring about an alteration and a rest. So far the falling off in the audiences has not been very marked, and nothing but a big drop in the receipts will cause any interruption to the run of the pieces at those popular playhouses.

EVERY night last week—during the absence of Mr. Karl Kiefert on a short holiday—Mr. Leslie Stuart, the composer of "Florodora," conducted the orchestra at the Lyric. His appearance caused a good deal of surprise amongst those who were unaware of his vast experience. When he was only fourteen years of age Mr. Leslie Stuart conducted the famous Charles Halle orchestra on many occasions, when it assisted at some great functions in St. John's Roman Catholic Cathedral at Manchester, and was many times complimented by the eminent founder of the orchestra that still bears his name. Mr. Stuart is now much occupied writing the music for the new play that will succeed "Florodora" next winter. The present title of this is "The Silver Slipper," and it is very possible that Miss Edna May will undertake one of the principal characters in it when the time for its production shall have arrived.

MR. MARTIN HARVEY has nearly completed his plans for an autumn season at the Lyceum Theatre, and purposes making "Romeo and Juliet" the first of his revivals. His appearance as Romeo will awaken much interest that will not be disappointed if he should succeed in getting a Juliet worthy of the part and of the theatre. His choice is, however, limited, for notwithstanding that the ranks of the acting profession are yearly increasing, the

number of first-class artists is not so numerous as to always enable a manager to fittingly cast his plays, whether the plays be old or new.

LAST autumn, whilst the Haymarket company was away on a six weeks' tour, Mrs. Langtry took over that theatre and produced "The Degenerates" with success, so far, at least, as financial results were concerned. This year Miss Julia Neilson will be the tenant for a like period beginning on August 30th, when she purposes presenting a new play entitled "Mistress Gwynne," in which she will have the support of Mr. William Mollison, Mr. Fred Terry, and Miss Constance Collier. A few days later, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Miss Marie Tempest will appear in a new comedy in which Nell Gwynne will, as at the Haymarket, be the leading figure. She has engaged Miss Lily Hanbury for the part that corresponds with the one in which Miss Collier will be seen at the Haymarket, and thus help to supply at once many points of comparison in addition to the curiosity that her first appearance in comedy is certain to evoke. It is a strange coincidence that Miss Neilson and Miss Tempest should both have fixed their choice on plays that have Nell Gwynne for heroine. Which is the better version time alone must decide. The rivalry may help both, and induce many people to see the two that under ordinary circumstances might not go to see either. I do not hold myself personally responsible for the statement, commonly made, to the effect that plays on the subject of Nell Gwynne have never made money for the management. If it has been true, let us hope that the spell of ill-luck will be broken, and that the two ladies about to tempt fortune in new roles will win and deserve its favours.

SEPTEMBER 1ST is the date fixed by Mr. George Alexander for the reopening of the St. James's Theatre, when a play by Mr. Sydney Grundy, entitled "A Debt of Honour," will fill the programme. Mr. W. H. Vernon and Mr. H. V. Esmond, neither of whom appeared in "The Man of Forty," will have parts in this play, which will be put into rehearsal after a short holiday.

MR. HADDON CHAMBERS is writing a play for Mr. Alexander, which will be due when "A Debt of Honour" shall have been removed. As Mr. Chambers is also completing a play for Mr. Charles Frohman, to be produced at the Empire Theatre, New York, he is just now, after Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the busiest of our playwrights. Wyndham's Theatre, as well as the Duke of York's, will reopen in September with a new play by Mr. H. A. Jones. Mr. Pinero makes no sign of activity, neither does Mr. Louis Parker. Mr. R. C. Carton can think of his Criterion success with satisfaction, and perhaps Mr. Bernard G. Shaw will be better understood when Mr. Forbes Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott shall have been seen in "The Devil's Disciple," on tour in the coming autumn.

PHÆBUS.

## AT RANELAGH & ELSEWHERE.

**I**N the interests of polo I am not sure that we have paid quite enough attention to the work of the London Polo Club. This club really was the idea of Mr. Schenk, the chairman of the Crystal Palace Company, to whom it occurred to make the Palace grounds a centre of athletic sport for South London.

Polo was to be made easy for beginners, both pecuniarily and by the help of good schooling in the game. In addition the public were to be invited to see a new sport. In the selection of two of the best known of our soldier players, Major Herbert, who played in the very first polo match in London at Lillie Bridge, and Major Peters, so well known in the 4th Hussars, the Crystal Palace made a good choice, and the polo-teaching and organisation has been very good. This club, so far as I know, is the only one that mounts members on club ponies, and colonial visitors anxious to play polo have been very glad to avail themselves of this opportunity. Among others Mr. Little, of the champion Australian team, has been playing at Sydenham this year.

Polo is played efficiently and with economy at the Palace, and the London



W. A. Rouch. OLD ETONIANS v. RANELAGH—RANELAGH IN POSSESSION.

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Palace shows that polo has taken root among civilians, though, indeed, after the present war the line between the soldier and the civilian will not be so strongly marked as heretofore.

In a readable and on the whole well-informed little book on Army life



W. A. Rouch.

INTERESTING PLAY.

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Polo Club, as I said above, has hardly had the recognition it deserves. The fact is, space is limited, and the great tournaments of the year make demands on it that cannot be overlooked. The career of clubs like Eden Park and the

the author and the illustrator both come to grief over polo. I doubt whether the 13th Hussars or the Inniskillings ever paid such heavy prices for their ponies as the author suggests, and I know that the former regiment won the Inter-Regimental Polo Cup at Hurlingham with a team of ponies not one of which cost more than £45. Then it is not so well known as it should be that the Hurlingham Club stables and forages the ponies for soldier players without payment in the tournament week. It is only the wise liberality shown by the club that has made that tournament possible.

So much for the author, who is evidently not a player; now for the artist. He takes for his subject a collision at polo, in which four players are more or less mixed up. No wonder they have come to grief, and it serves them right. They have all got single rein plain snaffles on, and not a standing martingale between them. It would be difficult to find four snaffle bridle ponies, and many people, the present writer included, think that that bit should not be allowed at all. Of the serious accidents (one fatal) I have seen, most were occasioned by want of control and snaffle bits.

On Saturday at Ranelagh there were the annual polo pony races. The heat kept many people away, for there was a thin attendance. Everyone had wisely discarded tall hats and frock-coats, and straw hats and easy garments were the order of the day. Pony racing is a more or less illegitimate side show of polo, but if we must have it, it is seen at its best at Ranelagh, and it is certainly more attractive than the competition between oil-cans and kettles we saw last week.

Mr. Nicholson's Natty won the coveted Ranelagh Cup race and the hurdles. Mr. Guy Gilbey's Black Diamond is invincible in polo scurries, and can win a race and yet not pull at polo afterwards. Lord Villiers's Pearly is another good pony that we have seen before. Nevertheless, with the exception of Black Diamond, there was no really first-class polo pony as such among



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LORD VILLIERS ON PEARLY.

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the winners. The races over, we turned to the more legitimate business of the polo matches.

In the first match, the Old Etonians—Messrs. Rennie and Percy Bucknall, Lord Castlereagh, and the Duke of Roxburghe—met a Ranelagh team—Messrs. Mason and Leslie Wilson, Captain R. Ward, and Mr. G. W. Baring. It looked like being a good match, but it was in the end a very runaway affair. The pace was fairly good, but Ranelagh made goals as fast as they could hit them.

The next match was the Old University team—Messrs. Hargreaves, M. Nickalls, W. Buckmaster, and L. McCreery—v. Ranelagh, Messrs. Walter Jones, F. Freake, G. A. Miller, and C. D. Miller. Did we see a possible new Rugby team in this match? At all events, the match was a triumph for that sound school of polo we associate with the names of Miller and Rugby. In addition to this, they were beautifully mounted on well-schooled ponies. It is an open secret that the Messrs. Miller are every year laying more and more stress on thorough and prolonged schooling for their ponies. The way in which those ponies galloped and turned, stopped at a touch, and faced scrimmages, was a sight to see.

I believe they would have played the game without the men, though I mean no disrespect to the four excellent players who rode them. Mr. George Miller seemed quite in his old form. The Universities, though seemingly a strong side, could not prevail against the combination and ponies of their opponents. At half-time of a galloping game Ranelagh were leading by 4 to 1. Mr. Walter Jones and Mr. F. Freake were dead on the goal, and not even Mr. Buckmaster's brilliant play could save his side from a final defeat by 7 goals to 2.

It always seems cool at Hurlingham, and with the well-watered ground looking green and pleasant, and a soft breeze off the river, the Fulham club seemed the pleasantest place in London, as it has done any time this quarter of a century. The match of the afternoon was Hurlingham—Messrs. W. McCreery, Count de Madre, W. Blackwell, and T. B. Drybrough against Mulgrave House—Messrs. Suffert, Hunter, Hudson, and Rawlinson.

When Mr. Rawlinson plays, the game is sure to be a fast one; but on this occasion, with lots of galloping, the play was rather unsteady. Mr. Tom Drybrough steadied his team first and made the score, and as the game began so it went on. Hurlingham always played the steadier game, had the stronger defence, and won from start to finish.

One more week of London polo and we shall see the close of a season which has not been at all a bad one, and has brought us many recruits, and some very valuable ones. The champion team of the year, the Old Cantabs, is a very fine one. By the way, those whose memories are not short and who remember the famous Rugby champion team, should go to see Mr. Cutler's portrait group at Mr. Baird Carter's gallery. The portraits are lifelike. The Cantabs are to be painted by the same artist, who is best known by his presentation portrait of Lord Willoughby de Broke.

The famous soldier polo player, Captain Maclaren, is home, looking very worn, and still rather lame from the effects of his wound. We all hope for him a speedy recovery and return to polo next season.

Rugby Tournament begins on Monday week. The Cirencester meeting has been put off from August 11th to August 15th, and the finals will be played on August 18th.

X.

## Correspondence.

### SWANS REARED BY A HEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following account of what I believe to be a unique experience in the rearing of young swans may be of interest to your readers. Last April, when the bird was about to begin hatching, I procured four eggs from a mute swan's nest, and placed them under a large-sized hen. My object was to try if the swan's eggs could be successfully hatched and the cygnets reared by the domesticated fowl. I enquired of many poultry breeders if my experiment could be carried out, but always met the same answer that it was nonsense;



W. A. Rouch.



RETURNING TO SCALE.

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such a thing had never been known to be done. However, I was determined to wait and see. The hen sat very close, being allowed only ten minutes every day for food and exercise, and during that time the eggs were turned and damped; when put back on the nest she would try herself to turn the eggs, but never with success, eventually settling down and sitting motionless till lifted off next day. Thirty-three days had gone by when I heard the birds chirruping inside the eggs. The hen, being doubtless as anxious as myself, sat closer than ever, and would not even stir for food. At last, two days later, four cygnets appeared in surroundings about as curious as ever cygnet was hatched in, to wit, a small but well-lighted basement room off the kitchen in a town house in Dublin. The hen, though evidently startled at the size of her brood, guarded them with the greatest care; in fact, she would not let anyone near them. For the first twenty-four hours after incubation they were very weak, but on the second day I was surprised to see them waddling about the yard in search of something to eat. The difficulty of hatching having been overcome, the problem of the young birds' food presented itself. I tried many kinds, but found that boiled bread and milk was what they liked best; of this they would eat two large bowls full daily. I fed them in this way for eight weeks. The enclosed photographs will give you an idea of what they then looked like, and their relative size to their affectionate foster-mother who is standing by. Up to that time she covered them every night as best she could, but they had then to be separated. The birds in the wild state are taken on the water by the parent bird two or three days after incubation. In my case the cygnets did not swim before nine weeks had elapsed.—E. C. BARRINGTON.

### COTTAGE HOSPITALS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Mr. Holland's letter to you is indeed a splendid example of how mischievous a good theory may become when misapplied. Mr. Holland says "that two at least of the wards might have had cross ventilation," by which he implies that windows should have been put in the two end walls; this would have deprived the wards in question of a most splendid view, and of the morning sun—which they will now enjoy until twelve o'clock—and would have let in the sun at the hottest time of day. The hospital is situated in a most exposed part, on the fringe of Dartmoor, and to put two windows into wards of that size would have made the wards unbearably cold in winter time. Mr. Holland derides the efficacy of the air-flues, but not knowing their size, shape, position, or fittings, his scorn is very harmless. All his other criticisms are matters of expenditure, so I need not say more than that the Beaworthy Hospital was not built on a level site, that the ground had to be made up, and the foundations carried down 7 ft. in some places, and they cost considerably more than £250. As Mr. Holland admits he is not an architect, I will not waste your valuable space by refuting his statements as to cost. I need scarcely add that the first notice of the hospital was written without my knowledge or assistance, and was never seen by me until after publication.—C. F. A. VOYSEY.

### VORACITY OF PIKE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—When trolling among some water-lilies recently a small pike took the bait—a 4in. rudd—but, fouling the weeds, failed to gorge it. However, on making a few more casts he took it again. On opening the stomach we found a rat about 6in. long, apparently only just taken, as it had not begun to digest. Is not this a pretty good instance of the omnivorous appetite of the pike? It was only a 2lb. fish.—GEORGE AVERY.

### STRANGE BOON-COMPANIONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Thirst, as well as misfortune, brings us into strange company. The other day, in the hottest time of our July hot spell, I came on one of the few surface spring basins out of which the sun had not sucked all the moisture on one of the hot sandy heaths of Sussex. I came on it unawares, unannounced, on india-rubber soled shoes. Immediately there flew up from it a strange little company of drinkers, consisting of four green plover (probably a family party), three turtle doves (the wood on the hill side opposite being a great haunt of theirs), and last, but not least remarkable, a nightjar. Surely it must have been a fearful thirst that brought this poor night-lover out in the glaring day. All the rest flew away very speedily, but he went low, flying a few strokes over the heather, evidently badly dazed. But he was away again when I came within ten yards of him. He was wide awake enough not to be caught.—H.

## ROSE SHARMAN CRAWFORD, CARNATION LAYERS v. CUTTINGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you tell me what coloured rose Mrs. Sharman Crawford is? Also will you give me some hints on carnation cuttings, and are they as good as layers? I would be so much obliged if you would kindly tell me of a reliable book on gardening, one that will give one some ideas of what ought to be done in the different months, and treating of the culture of various flowers, etc., such as violets, roses, and all that. Please excuse my troubling you with so many questions, and thank you for answering me so fully before.—KIT.

[Mrs. Sharman Crawford is a hybrid perpetual rose with deep pink flowers touched with rose, the petals white at the base. The best way, undoubtedly, to propagate carnations is by layers not cuttings, although in the case of the tree or perpetual-flowering varieties cuttings is the usual method adopted. You cannot do better than to get "The Century Book of Gardening," published from this office, or Messrs. George Newnes, Limited, price 18s. It is very freely illustrated.—ED.]

## SOIL AND POSITION FOR GOOSEBERRIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I much wish to take up the culture of gooseberries upon a small scale, and as you so kindly offer to help those in difficulties over gardening matters I ask you for advice as to the soil and position most suitable for the bushes. I live in Hampshire, and bush fruits generally do well in the neighbourhood.—E. B.

[A moderately dry soil and position exposed to the sun are essential, as the bushes will afford sufficient shade for each other. It is more convenient when planting gooseberry bushes to plant them together upon one piece of ground. When the fruits are ripe blackbirds are very troublesome, so that one must cover the bushes over with netting. You must not dig the ground about the bushes with a spade, otherwise the tender roots which are upon the surface would be destroyed. Gooseberries may also, in order to prolong the season, be trained against a north wall, or upon an espalier in a cool position. Unless a few be required very early it is unwise to plant them against a wall facing south, as such a position is too hot for them. The time to plant is October and November, and several weeks before this is done prepare the ground by digging and manuring. The hole for the bushes must be made sufficiently large to hold the roots comfortably when spread out, and it should be slightly higher in the centre than at the sides. You do not say what varieties you desire, but we should make our selection from the following: Of red, choose Whinham's Industry, London, Crown Bob, and Keen's Seedling; yellow—Yellow Champagne and Yellow Sulphur; white—Whitesmith; and for preserving—Warrington and Ironmonger.—ED.]

## RELAYING A LAWN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be greatly obliged for a rough estimate for taking up turf, levelling, hardening ground, and relaying the same turf, upon a tennis lawn, and if an ordinary working gardener could undertake it, and when it should be done.—P. M.

[The cost of lifting turf, breaking up the soil, levelling and hardening it, then relaying the turf, varies very much in several parts of the kingdom, according to the customary rates of wages and the ability of the men employed upon the work. It was formerly regarded as fair pay to give a man one shilling per hundred turves, to lift them with a turfing iron, and employ a boy to roll and stack them. We doubt whether such work would now be carried out under double that money. The turves must first be cut through 2 in. deep with an edging iron, in lines 12 in. apart, each turf being 3 ft. long, so that three of them cover a square yard. There would be in that case 30 square yards or ninety turves to a rod. Then, having lifted the turf, you want the ground thus uncovered properly levelled. You must fork it up some 4 in. to 6 in. deep, breaking the surface well, and adding some fine soil, especially if of a gritty character. Then level it with a coarse rake, tread it, and rerake it. Test the surface with a long straight edge of wood some 12 ft. long at least, so that all hollows, however trifling, may be filled up, or mounds reduced; a spirit level should also be used. When the general level is satisfactory the turves should be neatly laid, and if one here and there seems thin in places, some extra soil should be placed beneath it. Finally, the turves should be beaten with a proper turf beater, then rolled. If dry at the time, water well, then reroll. This is work any ordinary gardener can do without assistance, and may be best carried out in November early, when the dry autumn weather is over. Roll frequently during the winter to solidify it.—ED.]



## INTERESTING HAWKING MATTERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Last year I wrote you a letter about Michael Angelo, the dear little merlin that we had for twelve months. Now I want to tell you about a sparrow-hawk; but perhaps you would like to know what became of Michael Angelo. Well, he got lost on Salisbury Plain last August. My father took him there, and had some good flights at larks with him, and one day when he was flying he went near a wood where three wild merlins were, and they rushed out and attacked him. He flew away so far when they chased him that he never came back again. We were all very sorry, for he was a favourite with everybody. I don't think sparrow-hawks are half as pretty as merlins; in fact, I don't think they are pretty at all, and they do not fly to the lure as merlins do, and make stoops at it. The sparrow-hawk we have here is a wild one, and I am helping to train it by carrying it about on my hand. It has just been caught a fortnight and is rather wild, but it feeds on the fist very well, when it has its hood on, and sometimes without the hood, in a dark room. Father says it will take much longer to train than the young one he trained last year. We called that one Dorothy, and this one is called Gipsy. Father sends you a photograph of Gipsy on my hand. I hope you will like it. My doves have had four young ones this year, but I have not any photographs of them. One of the baby doves is getting a ring round its neck and is trying to coo. Father says he would like to give it to the sparrow-hawk, but I won't let him, and he has to get sheep's hearts for it. I should not like to eat sheep's heart; would you? The sparrow-hawk sleeps in one part of the stable at night and Gyp (the dog) in the other part. I expect father will get some more hawks this year, and take them on Salisbury Plain, and I expect Mr. Michell will go. When Gipsy tumbles off the fist, it looks so silly, as if it is paralysed, because it is so frightened. There is a little baby nearly one and a-half years old next door, and she likes sitting on the hawk's block, but Gipsy has a perch like a bow.—FRANCES L. GARDNER.

## STRAWBERRIES IN TUBS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Having read in COUNTRY LIFE of strawberries in tubs, I have grown some this season for the first time. They were grown round tubs in three rows, six holes in each, and six planted on top of tub. I planted them in September, growing strong healthy plants, and have picked a good crop of well-ripened fruit. The plants grown were Royal Sovereign.—A. H. WHEATLEY.

## THE SNOWDROP TREE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I beg to enclose a photograph I have just taken of some pieces of a rare tree found in a garden. I believe the name to be *Nuttallia cerasiformis*. The flowers exactly resemble a snowdrop; the tree is a large one, and blooms from April to June, and is very beautiful. I have shown the tree to several botanists, but no one, as yet, has known it, or the correct name.—M. C. CAMERON.

[The tree is the snowdrop tree (*Halesia tetraptera*), a very beautiful spring-flowering kind.—ED.]